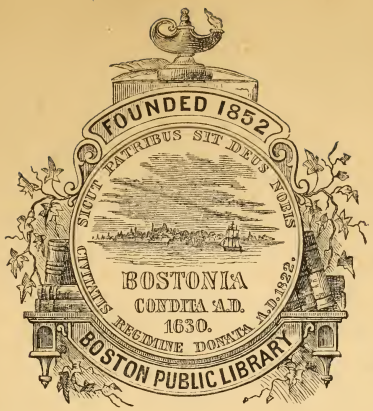

PAMPHLETS.

Beaumont
and
Fletcher.

Plays.

THE KNIGHT Of the BVRNING PESTLE.

Full of Mirth and Delight.

Written by { *Francis Beaumont,* and *Iohn Fletcher.* } *Gent.*

As it is now Acted by Her Majesties Servants at the Private house in *Drury lane.*

1635.

——— Quod si
Iudicium subtile, videndis artibus illud
Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares:
Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.
Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.

LONDON:

THE KNIGHT of the BURNING PESTLE.

Full of Mirth and Delight.

Written by Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher.

As it is now Acted by Her Majesties Servants at the Phœnix in Drury-Lane, &c.

1635.

Quid si
Sæviens Pallida, vetat esse Bellum?
Ut Libros Crudos Mitiores doceas:
Etenim in Ovile Juvat et Alite Matrem,
Horrescit Pipilo, et Odit Aqua.

To the Readers of this COMEDIE.

GEntlemen, the World is so nice in these our times, that for Apparrell there is no fashion; for Musicke which is a rare Art, (though now slighted) no Instrument; for Diet, none but the *French* Kickshoes that are delicate; and for Playes, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular person, or else it is contemned before it is throughly understood: This is all that I have to say, that the Author had no intent to wrong any one in this *Comedy*, but as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which hee hopes will please all, and be hurtfull to none.

THE PROLOGVE.

WHere the Bee can ſucke no Honey, ſhee leaves her ſting behind; and where the Beare cannot finde Origanum *to heale his griefe, hee blaſteth all other leaves with his breath: We feare it is like to fare ſo with us; that ſeeing you cannot draw from our labours ſweete content, you leave behinde you a ſower miſlike, and with open reproach blame our good meanings, becauſe you cannot reape the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to moove inward delight, not outward lightneſſe; and to breed (if it might be) ſoft ſmiling, not loud laughing: knowing it to the wiſe to be a great pleaſure, to heare counſell mixed with Wit, as to the fooliſh to have ſport mingled with rudeneſſe. They were baniſhed the Theater of* Athens, *and from* Rome *hiſſed, that brought Paraſites on the Stage with apiſh actions, or fooles with uncivill habits, or Courtezans with immodeſt words. We have endeavoured to be as farre from*

from unſeemely ſpeeches, to make your eares glow, as we hope you will be free from unkinde reports, or miſtaking the Authors intention, (who never aymed at any one particular in this Play,) to make our cheekes bluſh. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine owne cenſure, to like, or diſlike, Vale.

THE

The Speakers Names.

The Prologue.
Then a Cittizen.
The Cittizens wife, and *Raph* her man, ſitting below amidſt the Spectators.
A rich Marchant.
Iaſper his Apprentiſe.
Maſter *Humphrey*, a friend to the Marchant.
Luce Marchants daughter.
Miſtreſſe *Merry-thought*, *Iaſpers* mother.
Michael, a ſecond ſonne of Miſtreſſe *Merri-thought*.
Old Mr. *Merry-thought*.
A Squire.
A Dwarfe.
A Tapſter.
A Boy that danceth and ſingeth.
An Hoſt.
A Barber.
Two Knights.
A Captaine.
A Sergeant.
Souldiers.

THE

THE FAMOVS HISTORY OF THE Knight of the burning *PESTLE.*

Enter PROLOGVE.

FRom all that's neere the Court, from all that's great
Within the compaſſe of the city-wals
We now have brought our Sceane.

Enter Cittizen.

Cit. Hold your peace good-man boy.

Pro. What doe you meane ſir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: This ſeven yeares there hath beene playes at this houſe, I have obſerved it, you have ſtill girds at Cittizens; and now you call your play *The London Merchant*. Downe with your Title boy, downe with your Title.

Pro. Are you a member of the noble Citty?

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a Free-man?

Cit. Yea, and a Grocer.

Pro. So Grocer, then by your ſweet favour, wee intend no abuſe to the Citty.

Cit. No ſir, yes ſir, if you were not reſolv'd to play the Jacks, what need you ſtudy for new ſubjects, purpoſely to abuſe your betters? why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the legend of *Whittington*, or the life & death of ſir *Thomas Greſham*? with the building of the Royall Ex-

change?

change? or the story of Queene *Elenor*, with the rearing of *London-bridge* upon wooll-sackes?

Pro. You seeme to be an understanding man: what would you have us do sir?

Cit. Why present something notably in honour of the Commons of the City.

Pro. Why, what doe you say to the life and death of fat *Drake*, or the repairing of Fleet-privies?

Cit. I doe not like that, but I will have a Cittizen, and he shall be of my owne Trade.

Pro. Oh you should have told us your minde a moneth since, our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that, I will have a Grocer, and hee shall do admirable things.

Pro. What will you have him doe?

Cit. Marry I will have him——

Wife. Husband, husband. *Wife below.*

Rafe. Peace mistresse. *Rafe below.*

Wife. Hold thy peace *Rafe*, I know what I do, I warrant ye. Husband, husband.

Cit. What sai'st thou cunny?

Wife. Let him kill a Lyon with a Pestle husband, let him kill a Lyon with a Pestle.

Cit. So he shall, I'le have him kill a Lyon with a Pestle.

Wife. Husband, shall I come up husband?

Cit. I cunny. *Ralfe*, helpe your mistresse this way: pray gentlemen make her a little roome, I pray you sir lend mee your hand to helpe up my wife: I thanke you sir. So.

Wife. By your leave Gentlemen all, I'me something troublesome, I'me a strãger here, I was nere at one of these plays as they say, before; but I should have seene *Jane Shore* once, and my husband hath promised mee any time this twelve moneth, to carry me to the *Bold Beauchams*, but in truth he did not; I pray you beare with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stooles, and then begin, and let the Grocer do rare things.

Pro. But sir, wee have never a boy to play him, every

one

one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for Gods sake let *Rafe* play him, beshrew me if I doe not thinke he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remembred wife, come up *Rafe*: I'le tell you Gentlemen, let them but lend him a suite of reparrell, and necessaries, and by Gad, if any of them all blow winde in the taile on him, I'le be hang'd.

Wife. I pray you youth let him have a suite of reparrell, I'le be sworne Gentlemen, my husband tells you true, hee will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him: he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feard I warrant you, that we quake againe: wee'l feare our children with him if they bee never so unruly, do but cry, *Rafe comes*, *Rafe comes* to them, and they'l be as quiet as Lambes. Hold up thy head *Rafe*, shew the Gentlemen what thou canst do, speake a huffing part, I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do *Rafe*, do.

Rafe. By heaven me thinkes it were an easie leape
To plucke bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or dive into the bottome of the sea,
Where never fathome line toucht any ground,
And plucke up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

Cit. How say you Gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay Gentlemen, he hath playd before, my husband sayes, *Musidorus* before the Wardens of our Company.

Cit. I, and he should have playd *Ieronimo* with a shoomaker for a wager.

Pro. He shall have a suite of apparrell if he will goe in.

Cit. In *Rafe*, in *Rafe*, and set out the Grocery in their kinde, if thou lov'st me.

Wife. I warrant our *Rafe* will looke finely when hee's drest.

Pro. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. *The Grocers honeur.*

Pro. Me thinks *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better

Wife I'le be sworn husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so, begin, begin, my wife and I will sit downe.

Pro. I pray you doe.

Cit. What stately musicke have you? you have shawmes.

Pro. Shawnes? no.

Cit. No? I'me a thiefe if my minde did not give me so. *Rafe* playes a stately part, and he must needs have shawnes: I'le be at the charge of them my selfe, rather then wee'l be without them. *Pro.* So you are like to be.

Cit. Why and so I will be: there's two shillings, let's have the Waits of South-warke, they are as rare fellowes as any are in *England*; and that will fetch them all o're the water with a vengeance, a sif they were mad.

Pro. You shall have them: will you sit downe then?

Cit. I, come wife.

Wife Sit you merry all Gentlemen, I'me bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

Pro. From all that's neere the Court, from all that's great
Within the compasse of the Citty-walles,
We now have brought our Sceane: flye farre from hence
All private taxes, immodest phrases,
What ere may but shew like vicious:
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleas'd with honest things.
Thus much for that we do: but for *Rafes* part
You must answere for your selfe.

Cit. Take you no care for *Rafe*, hee'l discharge himselfe I warrant you.

Wife. I, faith Gentlemen, I'le give my word for *Rafe*.

Actus primus, Scœna prima.

Enter Merchant, and Jasper his Prentice.

March. Sirrah, I'le make you know you are my Prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of fortune, gave thee heate

And

And growth, to be what now thou art new cast thee,
Adding the trust of all I have at home,
In forren Staples, or upon the Sea
To thy direction, ti' de the good opinions
Both of my selfe and friends to thy endeavours,
So faire were thy beginnings, but with these
As I remember you had never charge,
To love your Masters daughter, and even then,
When I had found a wealthy husband for her.
I take it, sir, you had not: but how ever,
I'le breake the neck of that commission,
And make you know you are but a Marchants Factor.

Iasp. Sir, I do liberally confesse I am yours,
Bound both by love and duty to your service;
In which, my labour hath beene all my profit;
I have not lost in bargaine, nor delighted
To weare your honest gaines upon my back,
Nor have I given a pencion to my blood,
Or lavishly in play consum'd your stocke.
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence, proclaime are strangers
To all my temperate actions; for your daughter,
If there be any love to my deservings,
Borne by her vertuous selfe, I cannot stop it?
Nor am I able to refraine her wishes.
She's private to her selfe and best of knowledge,
Whom she'le make so happy as to sigh for.
Besides, I cannot thinke you meane to match her,
Vnto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.

Mar. 'Tis very well sir, I can tell your wisedome
How all this shall be cur'd. *Iasp.* Your care becomes you.

March. And thus it must bee sir, I heere discharge you,
My house and service, take your liberty,
And when I want a sonne I'le send for you. *Exit.*

Iasp. These be the faire rewards of them that love,
O you that live in freedome never prove

The travell of a minde led by desire. *Enter Luce.*

Luce. Why how now friend, strucke with my fathers thun-
Iasp. Strucke, and struck dead, unlesse the remedy (der?
Be full of speed and vertue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your fathers.

Luce. But mine. *Ias.* But yours, and only yours I am,
That's all I have to keep me from the statute:
You dare be constant still. *Luce.* O feare me not.
In this I dare be better then a woman.
Nor shall his anger, nor his offers moove me,
Were they both equall to a Princes power,

Iasp. You know my rivall? *Luce.* Yes, and love him dearly,
Even as I love an ague, or foule weather,
I prethee *Iasper* feare him not. *Iasp.* O no,
I do not meane to do him so much kindnesse,
But to our owne desires you know the plot
We both agreed on *Luce.* Yes and will performe
My part exactly. *Iasp.* I desire no more,
Fare-well and keep my heart, 'tis yours. *Luce.* I take it,
He must do miracles makes me forsake it. *Exeunt.*

Citiz. Fye upon 'em little infidels, what a matters here now? well, Ile be hang'd for a halfe-peny, if there be not some abomination knavery in this Play, well let 'em look toot, *Rafe* must come, and if there be any tricks a brewing---

Wife Let 'em brew and bake too husband, a gods name, *Rafe* wil find al out I warrant you, and they were older then they are. I pray my pretty youth, is *Rafe* ready?

Boy He will be presently.

Wife Now I pray you make my commendations unto him, and withall carry him this stick of Licoras, tell him his Mistresse sent it him, and bid him bite a peece, 'twil open his pipes the better, say.

Enter Marchant, and Master Humphery.

Mar. Come sir, she's yours, upon my faith she's yours,
You have my hand, for other idle lets
Betweene your hopes and her, thus, with a wind
They are scattered, and no more; my wanton Prentice,

That

That like a blader, blew himselfe with love,
I have let out, and sent him to discover
New masters yet unknowne. *Hum.* I thanke you sir,
Indeed I thanke you sir, and ere I stir,
It shall be knowne how everyou doe deeme,
I am of gentle blood, and gentle seeme.

March. O sir, I know it certaine. *Hum.* Sir my friend,
Although as writers say, all things have end,
And that we call a pudding, hath his two
O let it not seem strange I prayto you,
If in this bloody simile, I put
My love, more endlesse, then fraile things or gut.

Wife Husband I prethee sweet lamb tell me one thing, but tell me truely: stay youths I beseech you, till I question my husband. *Cit.* What isit mouse?

Wife. Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier childe how it behaves it selfe, I warrant yee: and speakes and lookes, and pearts up the head? I pray you brother with your favor, were you never none of M. *Monkesters* scholers?

Cit. Chickin, I prethee heartily containe thy selfe, the childer are prety childer, but when *Rafe* comes, Lamb.

Wif. I, when *Rafe* comes, conny; well my youth you may proceed

Mar. Wel sir, you know mylove, and rest, I hope(
Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughters,
And wed her when you please: you must be bold,
And clap in close unto her, come, I know
You have language good enough to win a wench.

Wif. A whoreson tyrant has bin an old stringer in his daies, I warrant him. *Hum.* I take your gentle offer, and withall
Yeeld love againe for love reciprocall. *Enter Luce.*
Mar. What *Luce*, within there. *Lu.* Cal'd you sir? *Mar*, I did
Give entertainment to this Gentleman,
And see you be not froward to her sir;
My presence will but be an ey-soare to you. *Exit.*

Humf. Faire Mistresse *Luce*, how do you, are you well?
Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell,
How doth your little sister, and your brother?

And

And whether you love me or any other. (are.
Luce. Sir, these are quickly answered. *Humf.* So they
Where women are not cruell: but how far
Is it now distant from the place we are in,
Uuto that blessed place your fathers warren.
Luce. What makes you thinke of that sir?
Hum. Even that face
For stealing Rabbets whilome in that place,
God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there beganne. *Luce.* Your game sir. *Hum.* Let no game
Or any thing that tendeth to the fame,
Be evermore remembred, thou faire killer
For whom I sate me downe and brake my Tiller.
Wife. There's a kinde Gentlemen, I warrant you, when will you do as much for me *George*?
Luce. Beshrew me sir, I am sorry for your losses,
But as the proverb saies I cannot cry,
I would you had not seene me. *Humf.* So would I.
Unlesse you had more maw to do me good.
Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood,
Send for a Constable and raise the Towne.
Hum. O no, my valiant love will batter downe
Millions of Constables, and put to flight,
Even that great watch of Mid-summer day at night.
Luce. Beshrew me sir, 'twere good I yeelded then,
Weake women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no resistance. *Hum.* Yeeld then, I am full
Of pitty, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket, thus, a paire of gloves.
Looke *Lucy*, looke, the dogs tooth, nor the Doves
Are not so whit as these; and sweet they be,
And whipt about with silke, as you may see:
If you desire the price, sute from your eye,
A beame to this place, and you shall espie
F. S. which is to say my sweetest honie,
They cost me three and two pence, or no monie.

Luce. Well sir, I take them kindly, and I thanke you,
What would you more? *Hum.* Nothing. *Lu.* Why then
Humf. Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell, (farewell.
Before we part, for what we met together,
God grant me time, and patience, and faire weather.
Luce. Speake and declare your minde in termes so briefe.
Humf. I shall, then first and formost for reliefe
I call to you, if that you can affoord it,
I care not at what price, for on my word, it
Shall be repaid againe, although it cost me
More then I 'le speake of now; for love hath tost me
In furious blanket like a Tennis ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.
Luce. Alas good Gentleman, alas the day.
Humf. I thanke you heartily, and as I say,
Thus doe I still continue without rest,
I'th'morning like a man, at night a beast,
Roaring and bellowing mine owne disquiet,
That much I feare, forsaking of my diet,
Will bring me presently to that quandarie,
I shall bid all adieu. *Luce.* Now by S. *Mary*
That were great pittie. *Hum.* So it were beshrew me,
Then ease me lusty *Luce*, and pittie shew me.
Luce. Why sir, you know my will is nothing worth
Without my fathers grant, get his consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.
Humf. The Worshipfull your sire will not denie me.
For I have ask't him, and he hath repli'd,
Sweet Master *Humfrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.
Luce. Sweet Master *Humfrey* then I am content.
Hum: And so am I in truth. *Luce.* Yet take me with you,
There is another clause must be annext,
And this it is, I swore and will performe it;
No man shall ever joy me as his wife,
But he that stole me hence: if you dare venter,
I am yours; you neede not feare, my father loves you:
If not, farewell for ever. *Hum.* Stay Nympli, stay,

I have a double Gelding coloured bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind,
Another for my selfe, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree. *Luce.* I am satisfied,
And so I give my hand, our course must lie
Through *Waltham* Forrest, where I have a friend
Will entertaine us, so farewell sir *Humfrey*. *Exit Luce.*
And thinke upon your businesse. *Humf.* Though I die,
I am resolv'd to venter life and limb,
For one so young, so faire, so kinde, so trim. *Exit Humf.*

Wife. By my faith and troth *George*, and as I am vertuous, it is e'ne the kindest yong man that ever trod on shooe leather: well, go thy waies if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault 'faith.

Cit. I prithee mouse be patient, a shall have her, or I'le make some of 'em smoake for't.

Wife. That's my good lambe *George*, fie, this stinking Tobacco kils men, would there were none in *England*: now I pray gentlemen, what good does this stinking Tobacco? do you nothing, I warrant you make chimnies a your faces: O husband, husband, now, now, there's *Rafe*, there's *Rafe*.

Enter Rafe *like a Grocer in's shop, with two Prentices Reading* Palmerin *of* England.

Cit. Peace foole, let *Rafe* alone, harke you *Rafe*; do not straine your selfe too much at the first, peace, begin *Rafe*.

Rafe. Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Lances from their Dwarfes, and clasping their Helmets, gallopt amaine after the Gyant, & *Palmerin* having gotten a sight of him, came posting amaine, saying; Stay trayterous thiefe, for thou maist not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest Lord in the world; and with these words gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he stroake him besides his Elephant; and *Trineus* comming to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soone besides his horse, with his necke broken in the fall, so that the Princesse getting out of the throng, betweene joy and griefe said; all happy Knight, the mirror of all such as follow Armes, now may I be well assured of

the love thou bearest me, I wonder why the Kings doe not raise an army of foureteene or fifteene hundred thousand men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Rocicler*, and destroy the se Giants, they do much hurt to wandring Damsels, that goe in quest of their Knights.

Wife Faith husband and *Rafe* saies true, for they say the King of *Portugall* cannot sit at his meat, but the Giants & the Ettins will come and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy tongue; on *Rafe*.

Rafe And certainely those Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarfe through the Desarts to releeve poore Ladies.

Wife. I by my faith are they *Rafe*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed: our Knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Rafe There are no such curtuous and faire well spoken Knights in this age, they will call one the sonne of a whore, that *Palmerine* of England, would have called faire sir; and one that *Rosicler* would have called right beauteous Damsel, they will call dam'd bitch.

Wife I'le be sworne will they *Rafe*, they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of Tobaco.

Rafe But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop with a flapet of wood, and a blew aporne before him, selling *Methridatum* and *Dragons water* to visited houses, that might pursue feates of Armes, and through his noble atchievments procure such a famous history to be written of his heroicke prowesse.

Cit. Well said *Rafe*, some more of those words *Rafe*.

Wife They goe finely by my troath.

Rafe Why should not I then pursue this course, both for the credit of my selfe and our Company, for amongst all the worthy bookes of Atchievements I do not call to minde that I yet red of a Grocer Errant, I will bee the said Knight, have you heard of any that hath wandred unfurnished of his Squire and Dwarfe, my elder Prentice

Tim shall be my trusty Squire, and litle *George* my dwarfe, hence my blew Aporne, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my shield shall be purtraid, a burning *Pestle*, and I will be call'd the *Knight o'th burning Pestle*

Wife Nay, I dare sweare thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever meeke. *Rafe. Tim.*

Tim. Anon.

Rafe My beloved Squire, and *George* my Dwarfe, I charge you that from hence-forth you never call me by any other name, but the *Right courteous & valiant knight of the burning Pestle*, & that you never call any female by the name of a woman, or wench, but faire Lady, if she have her desires, if not distressed Damsell, that you call all Forrests & Heaths Desarts, and all horses Palfries.

Wife This is very fine, faith do the Gentlemen like *Rafe*, thinke you husband?

Cit. I, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the shoos in their shop for him.

Rafe My beloved Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were a Desart, and over it a Knight errant pricking, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my master sent me, to know whether you are riding?

Rafe No, thus; faire sir, the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, commanded me to enquire, upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed Damsels, or otherwise.

Cit. Whorson block-head cannot remember.

Wife I' faith, & *Rafe* told him on't before: al the Gentlemen heard him, did he not Gentlemen, did not *Rafe* tel him on't?

Geor. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle, here is a distressed Damsell, to have a halfpeny-worth of peper.

Wife That's a good boy, see, the little boy can hit it, by my troth it's a fine child.

Rafe. Relieve her with all curteous language, now shut up shoppe, no more my Prentice, but my trusty

Squire

Squire and Dwarfe, I must bespeake my shield and arming pestle.

Cit. Goe thy waies *Rafe*, as I am a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife Rafe, Rafe.

Rafe. What say you mistresse?

Wife I prethee come againe quickly sweet *Rafe.*

Rafe By and by. *Exit Rafe*

Ente Iasper, and his mother Mistris merri-thought.

Mist. mer. Give thee my blessing? no, I'le ner'e give thee my blessing, I'le see thee hang'd first; it shall ner'e bee said I gave thee my blessing, th'art thy fathers owne sonne, of the right blood of the *Mery-thoughts*, I may curse the time that e're I knew thy father, he hath spent all his owne, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings, and cries, *A merry heart lives long-a.* And thou art a wast-thrift, and art runne away from thy master, that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my yonger sonne *Michael*, and thou thinkst to begell that, but thou shalt never be able to doe it. Come hither *Michael*, come *Michael*, downe on thy knees, thou shalt have my blessing. *Enter Michael.*

Mich. I pray you mother pray to God to blesse me.

Mist. mer. God blessethee: but *Iasper* shall never have my blessing, he shall bee hang'd first, shall he not *Michael?* how saist thou?

Mich. Yes forsooth mother and grace of God.

Mist. mer. That's a good boy.

Wife I faith it's a fine spoken childe.

Iasp. Mother, though you forget a parents love
I must preserve the duty of a childe:
I ran not from my master, nor returne
To have your stock maintaine my idlenesse.

Wife Ungracious childe I warrant him, harke how hee chops logick with his mother: thou hadst best tell her she lyes; do tell her shee lyes.

Cit. If he were my sonne, I would hang him up by the

heeles, and flea him and salt him, who ore-sone halter sacke.

Iasp. My comming onely is to beg your love,
Which I must ever though I never, gaine it,
And howsoever you esteeme of me,
There is no drop of blood hid in these veines,
But I remember well belongs to you
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all againe, and let it out.

Mist.merri. I faith I had sorrow enough for thee (God knowes) but Il'e hamper thee well enough: get thee in thou vagabond, get thee in, and learne of thy brother *Michael.*

Old merri.within. Nose, nose, jolly red nose, and who gave thee this jolly red nose?

Mist mer.. Harke my husband he's singing and hoiting,
And I'me faine to carke and care, and all little enough.
Husband, *Charles, Charles Merrythought.*

Enter old Merrythought.

Old merri. Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinnamon and Cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red Nose.

Mist merri. If you would consider your state, you would have little list to sing, I-wisse.

Old merri. It should never be considred, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoile my singing.

Mist merri. But how wilt thou do *Charls*, thou art an old man, and thou canst not worke, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat ann drinkest good drinke, and laughest?

Old merri. And will do.

Mist merri. But how wilt thou come by it *Charles?*

Old merri. How? why how have I done hitherto this forty yeares? I never came into my dyning roome, but at eleven & six a clocke, I found excellent meat and drinke a'th table, my cloathes were never worne out, but next morning a Tailor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever: use makes perfectnesse. If all should faile, it is but a little

straining

straining my selfe extraordinary, & laugh my selfe to death.

Wife. It's a foolish old man this: is not he *George?*

Cit. Yes Cunny.

Wife. Give me a penny i'th purse while I live *George.*

Cit. I by Ladie cunnie, hold thee there.

Mist. merri. Well *Charles*, you promis'd to provide for *Jasper*, and I have laid up for *Michael*, I pray you pay *Iasper* his portion, hee's come home, and he shall not consume *Michaels* stocke: he saies his master turn'd him away, but I promise you truely, I thinke he ran away.

Wife. No indeed mistresse *Merrithought*, though he bea notable gallowes, yet I'le assure you his master did turne him away, even in this place 'twas I'faith within this halfe houre, about his daughter, my husband was by.

Cit. Hang him rogue, he serv'd him well enough: love his masters daughter! by my troth Cunnie, if there were a thousand boyes, thou wouldst spoile them all with taking their parts, let his mother alone with him.

Wife. I *George*, but yet truth is truth.

Old merri. Where is *Iasper*, hee's welcome how ever, call him in, he shall have his portion, is he merrie?

Enter Jasper and Michael.

Mist. merri. I foule chive him, he is too merrie. *Iasper, Michael.*

Old merri. Welcome *Iasper*, though thou run'st away, welcome, God blesse thee: 'tis thy mothers minde thou shouldst receive thy portion; thou hast beene abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to governe it; thou art of sufficient yeares, hold thy hand: one, two, three, foure, five, sixe, seven, eight, nine, there's ten shillings for thee, thrust thy selfe into the world with that, and take some setled course, if fortune crosse thee, thou hast a retiring place, come home to me, I have twenty shillings left, be a good husband, that is, weare ordinarie clothes, eate the best meate, and drinke the best drinke, be merrie, and give to the poore, and beleeve me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Iasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still.
But father?

Old merri. No more words *Iasper*, get thee gone, thou hast my blessing, thy fathers spirit upon thee. Farewell *Iasper*, but yet or ere you part (oh cruell!) kisse me, kisse me sweeting, mine owne deare jewell: So, now begone; no words. *Enter Iasper.*

Mis.mer. So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forsooth mother, but Ile have my fathers blessing first.

Mis. mer. No *Michael*, 'tis no matter for his blessing, thou hast my blessing, begone; I'le fetch my money, and jewels, and follow thee: I'le stay no longer with him I warrant thee, truely *Charles* I'le begone too.

Old merri. What you will not?

Mis. mer. Yes indeed will I.

Old merri. Hey ho, fare-well *Nan*, I'le never trust wench more againe, if I can.

Mis.mer. You shall not thinke (when all your owne is gone) to spend that I have beene scraping up for *Michael*.

Old merri. Farewell good wife, I expect it not; all I have to doe in this world, is to be merry: which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me: and if it be,
When earth and seas from me are reft,
The skies aloft for me are left. *Exeunt.*

Boy danceth, Musicke. *Finis Actus primi.*

Wife. I'le be sworne hee's a merry old Gentleman for all that. Harke, harke husband, harke, fiddles, fiddles; now surely they go finely. They say, 'tis present death for these fidlers to tune their Rebeckes before the great Turkes grace, is't not *George*? But looke, looke, here's a youth dances: now good youth do a turne a'th toe, sweet heart, I'faith Ile have *Rafe* come and do some of his Gambols; hee'le ride the wild mare Gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him, I thanke you kinde youth, pray bid *Rafe* come.

Cit.

Cit. Peace Cunnnie. Sirrah, you scurvie boy, bid the players send *Rafe*, or by Gods----and they doe not, I'le teare some of their periwigs beside their heads : this is all Riffe Raffe.

Actus secundus, Scœna prima.

Enter Merchant and Humphrey.

March. And how faith? how goes it now son *Humphrey?*

Humph. Right worshipfull, and my beloved friend
And father deare, this matter's at an end.

March. 'Tis well, it should be so, I'me glad the girle
Is found so tractable. *Humph.* Nay, she must whirle
From hence, and you must winke : for so I say,
The storie tels, to morrow before day.

Wife. George, do'st thou thinke in thy conscience now 'twil be a match? tell me but what thou thinkst sweet rogue, thou seest the poore Gentleman (deare heart) how it labours and throbs I warrant you, to be at rest : I'le goe move the father for't.

Cit. No, no, I prethee sit still hony-suckle, thoul't spoile all, if he deny him, I'le bring halfe a dozē good fellows my selfe, & in the shutting of an evening knock't up, & ther's an end.

Wife. I'le busse thee for that i'faith boy ; well *George*, wel, you have beene a wag in your daies I warrant you : but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart.

March. How was it sonne? you told me that to morrow
Before day breake, you must convey her hence.

Hump. I must, I must, and thus it is agreed,
Your daughter rides upon a browne-bay steed,
I on a sorrell, which I bought of *Brian*,
The honest Host of the red roaring Lion
In *Waltham* situate : then if you may,
Consent in seemely sort, lest by delay,
The fatall sisters come, and doe the office,
And then you'l sing another song. *March.* Alasse,
Why should you be thus full of griefe to me?
That do as willing as your selfe agree

To any thing so it be good and faire,
Then steale her when you will, if such a pleasure
Content you both, I'le sleepe and never see it,
To make your joyes more full: but tell me why
You may not here performe your marriage?

Wife Gods blessing a thy soule old man, i'faith thou art loath to part true hearts, I see a has her *George*,, & I me as glad on't, well, go thy waies *Humphrey*, for a faire spoken man, I beleeve thou hast not thy fellow within the wals of *London*, & I should say the Suburbs too, I should not lie, why dost not rejoyce with me *George?* (mine Host i'faith.

Cit. If I could but see *Raph* againe, I were as merry as

Hum. The cause you seeme to aske, I thus declare,
Helpe me Oh *Muses* nine, your daughter sware
A foolish oath, the more it was the pittie:
Yet none but my selfe within this Cittie
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
Shall meete him, were he of the noble Science.
And yet she sware, and yet why did she sweare?
Truely I cannot tell, unlesse it were
For her owne ease: for sure sometimes an oath,
Being sworne thereafter, is like cordiall broth.
And this it was she swore, never to marrie,
But such a one, whose mighty arme could carrie
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)
Her bodily away through sticke and stone,
Till both of us arrive, at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wilde *VValtham* Forrest.

March. If this be all, you shall not neede to feare
Any deniall in your love, proceed,
I'le neither follow, nor repent the deed.

Hum. Good-night, twenty good nights, & twenty more,
And 20. more good-nights, that makes three-score. *Exeūt.*

Enter mistresse Merri-thought, and her sonne Michael.

Mist.mer. Come *Michael*, art thou not wearie boy?

Mich. No for-sooth mother not I.

Mist.mer. Where be we now childe?

Mich. Indeed for-sooth mother I cannot tell, unlesse we be at Mile-end, is not all the world Mile-end, Mother?

Mist.mer. No *Michael*, not all the world boy; but I can assure thee *Michael*, Mile-end is a goodly matter, there has bin a pitch-field my child, betweene the naughty *Spaniels* & the *English-men*, & the *Spaniels* ran away *Michael*, and the *English-men* followed: my neighbour *Coxstone* was there boy, & kil'd them all, with a burding peece.

Mich. Mother forsooth.

Mist. mer. What saies my white boy?

Mich. Shall not my father goe with us too?

Mist.mer. No *Michael*, let thy father goe snicke-up, he shal never come betweene a paire of sheets with me againe, while he lives: let him staie at home & sing for his supper boy, come childe sit downe, and I'le shew my boy fine knacks indeed, looke here *Michael*, her's a Ring, and here's a Bruch, & here's a Bracelet, and here's two Rings more, and her's monie and gold bi'th eye my boy. *Mich.* Shall I have all this mother?

Mist.mer. I *Michael*, thou shalt have all *Michael*.

Cit. How lik'st thou this wench?

Wife I cannot tell, I would have *Rafe*, *George*; I'le see no more else indeed-law, & I pray you let the youths understand so much by word of mouth, for I tell you truly, I'me afraid a my boy, come, come *George*, let's be merrie and wise, the child's a fatherlesse childe, and say they should put him into a straight paire of Gaskins, 'twere worse then a knot-grasse, he would never grow after it.

Enter Rafe, Squire, and Dwarfe.

Cit. Here's *Rafe*, here's *Rafe*.

Wife how doe you *Rafe?* you are welcome *Rafe*, as I may say, it's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid, wee are thy friends. *Rafe*, the gentlemen wil praise thee *Rafe*, if thou plaist thy part with audacitie, begin *Rafe* a Gods name.

Rafe My trustie Squire unlace my Helme, give mee my hat, where are we, or what desart might this be?

Dw. Mirrour of knight-hood, this is, as I take it, the perrilous *Waltham* down; in whose bottom stãds the inchanted valley.

Mist.mer. O *Michael*, we are betraid, we are betraid, here

be Giants, flie, boy, flie boy flie. *Exeũt mother & Michael.*

Rafe Lace on my Helme againe: what noise is this?
A gentle Ladie flying? the embrace
Of some uncurteous Knight, I will relieve her.
Go Squire, and say, the Knight that weares this Pestle
In honour of all Ladies, sweares revenge
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her.
Go comfort her, and that same gentle squire
That beares her companie. *Squire* I goe brave Knight.

Rafe My trusty Dwarfe and friend, reach mee my shield,
And hold it while I sweare: first by my knight-hood,
Then by the soule of *Amadis de Gaule*,
My famous Ancestor, then by my sword,
The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,
By this bright burning Pestle of mine honour,
The living Trophie, and by all respect
Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow
Never to end the quest of this faire Ladie,
And that forsaken Squire, till by my valour
I gaine their libertie. *Dwarfe* Heaven blesse the Knight
That thus releeues poore errant gentlewomen. *Exit.*

Wife I marrie *Rafe*, this has some savour in't, I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his bookes after him. But *George*: I will not have him go away so soone, I shal be sicke if he go away, that I shall; call *Rafe* againe *George*, call *Rafe* againe, I prethe sweet heart let him come fight before me, and let's ha some drums, and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes neere him, and thou lov'st me *George*.

Cit. Peace a little bird, hee shall kill them all, and they were twenty more on 'em then there are. *Enter Iasper.*

Iasp. Now fortune, if thou be'st not onely ill,
Shew me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheele, that I may climbe at length
And stand, this is our place of meeting,
If love have any constancy. Oh age!
Where onely wealthy men are counted happy:
How shall I please thee? how deserve thy smiles?

When I am onely rich in misery?
My fathers blessing, and this little coine
Is my inheritance, a strong revenew,
From earth thou art, and to the earth I give thee,
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher aire *spies the*
Breeds me a fresher fortune: how, illusion! *casket.*
What hath the Divell coyn'd himselfe before me?
'Tis mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,
And taking too I hope, now Gods deere blessing
Upon his heart that left it here, 'tis mine,
These pearles, I take it, were not left for swine. *Exit*

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embecill away the monie, the poore gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy heart for it, God knowes.

Cit. And reason good, sweet heart.

Wife But let him goe, I'le tell *Rafe* a tale in's eare shall fetch him againe with a Wanion I warrant him, if he bee above ground, and besides *George*, heere be a number of sufficient Gentlemen can witnesse, and my selfe, and your selfe, and the Musitians, if we be calld in question, but heere comes *Rafe*, *George*, thou shalt here him speake, an he were an Emperall.

Enter Rafe and Dwarfe.

Rafe Comes not sir Squire againe?

Dwar. Right courteous Knight,
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the Ladie,

Enter mistresse Mer. and Michael, and Squire.

For and the Squire of Damsels as I take it,

Rafe Madam if any service or devoire
Of a poore errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am prest to give you succour,
For to that holy end I beare my Armour.

Mist. mer. Alas sir I am a poore Gentlewoman, and I have lost my mony in this forrest.

Rafe Desart, you would say Lady, and not lost
Whilst I have sword and launce, dry up your teares
Which ill befits the beauty of that face:

And tell the story if I may requestit,
Of your disasterous fortune.

Mist.mer, Out alas, I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'ne all the monie I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of your Mastership, you lookt so grim, and as I may say it, saving your presence, more like a Giant then a mortall man.

Rafe I am as you are, Ladie, so are they
All mortall, but why weeps this gentle Squire?

Mist. mer. Has hee not cause to weepe do you thinke, when he hath lost his inheritance?

Rafe Yong hope of valour, weepe not, I am here
That will confound thy foe, and pay it deare
Upon his coward head, that dare denie,
Distressed Squires, and Ladies equitie
I have but one horse, on which shall ride
This Ladie faire behinde me, and before
This courteous Squire, fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure; fairely speed
Beside us Squire and Dwarfe to do us need *Exeunt.*

Cit. Did not I tell you *Nel* what your man would doe? by the faith of my body wench, for cleane action and good deliverie they may all cast their caps at him.

Wife And so they may i'faith, for I dare spake it boldly, the twelve companies of *London* cannot match him, timber, for timber, well *George*, and he be not inveigled by some of these paltery Players, I ha much marvell: but *George* we ha done our parts, if the boy have any grace to be thankfull.

Citiz. Yes I warrant you duckling.

Enter Humfery and Luce.

Hum. Good Mistresse *Luce* how ever I in fault am
For your lame horse; you're welcome unto *Waltham.*
But which way now to goe, or what to say
I know not truely till it be broad day.

Luce O feare not master *Humphery*, I am guide
For this place good enough. *Hum.* Then up and ride,
Or if it please you, walke for your repose,

Or sit, or if you will, go plucke a Rose:
Either of which shall be indifferent,
To your good friend and *Humphrey*, whose consent
Is so entangled ever to your will,
As the poore harmelesse horse is to the Mill.
Luce. Faith and you say the word, wee'l e'ne sit downe,
And take a nap. *Hum.* 'Tis better in the Towne,
Where we may nap together: for beleeve me,
To sleepe without a snatch would mickle grieve me.
Luce You're merry master *Humphrey*, *Hum.* So I am,
And have beene ever merrie from my Dam.
Luce. Your Nurse had the lesse labour.
Hum. Faith it may be,
Unlesse it were by chance I did beray me. *Enter Jasp.*
Iasp. *Luce*, deare friend *Luce.* *Luce* Here *Iasper.*
Iasp. You are mine.
Hum. If it be so, my friend, you use me fine:
What do you thinke I am? *Iasp.* An arrant noddie.
Hum. A word of obloquie: now by Gods body,
I'le tell thy master, for I know thee well.
Iasp. Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that, and tell him sir I gave it:
And say I paid you well. *Hum.* O sir I have it,
And do confesse the paiment, pray be quiet.
Iasp. Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,
To cure your beaten bones. *Luce* Alas poore *Humphrey*,
Get thee some wholesome broth with sage and cumfrie:
A little oyle of Roses, and a feather
To noint thy backe withall. *Hum.* When I came hither,
Would I had gone to *Paris* with *John Dorry*.
Luce Farewell my pretty Nump, I am very sorrie
I cannot beare thee company. *Hum.* Farewell,
The Divels Dam was ne're so bang'd in hell. *Exeunt.*

Manet Humphrey.

Wife This young *Iasper* will prove me another Things, a my conscience and he may be suffered; *George*, dost not see *George* how a swaggers, and flies at the very heads a fokes as

he

he were a Dragõ, well if I do not do his lesson for wronging the poore Gentleman, I am no true woman, his friends that brought him up might have beene better occupied, I wis, then have taught him these fegaries, hee's e'ne in the high-way to the gallows, God blesse him.

Cit. You're too bitter, cunny, the yong man may do wel enough for all this.

Wife Come hither master *Humphrey*, has hee hurt you? now beshrew his fingers for't, here sweet heart, here's some greene ginger for thee, now beshrew my heart but a has pepper-nel in's head, as big as a pullets egge, alas sweet lamb how thy tempels beate; take the peace on him sweet heart, take the peace on him. *Enter a boy.*

Cit. No, no, you talke like a foolish woman, I'le ha *Rafe* fight with him, aud swing him up well favourdly, sirrah boy come hither, let *Rafe* come in and fight with *Jasper*.

Wife I, and beate him well, he's an unhappy boy.

Boy Sir, you must pardon us, the plot of our Play lies contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our Play.

Cit. Plot me no plots, I'le ha *Raph* come out, I'le make your house too hot for you else.

Boy Why sir he shall, but if any thing fall out of order, the Gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your waies good-man boy, I'le hold him a pennie hee shall have his belly-full of fighting now, ho here comes *Raph*, no more.

Enter Raph, mistresse Merri. Michael, Squire, & Dwarfe.

Raph What Knight is that Squire, aske him if he keepe
The passage, bound by love of Ladie faire,
Or else but prickant. *Hum.* Sir, I am no Knight,
But a poore Gentleman, that this same night,
Had stolne from me on yonder Greene,
My lovely wife, and suffered to be seene
Yet extant on my shoulders such a greeting,
That whilst I live, I shall thinke of that meeting.

Wife I *Raph*, he beat him unmercifully, *Raph*, and thou spar'st him *Raph*, I would thou wert hang'd.

Cit. No more, wife no more.

Raph Where is the caitife wretch hath done this deed?
Lady, your pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious Knight.
And thou faire Squire repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the purse, *Enter* Jasper
And the rich casket till some better leasure, *and* Luce.

Hum. Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my treasure.

Raph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,
An Errant Knight at Armes, to crave delivery
Of that faire Lady to her owne Knights armes.
If he denie, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defye him. *Squire* From the Knight that beares
The golden Pestle, I defie thee Knight.
Unlesse thou make faire restitution
Of that bright Lady.

Iasp. Tell the Knight that sent thee
He is an Asse, and I will keepe the wench,
And knocke his Head-peece.

Raph. Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncurteous tearmes:

Wife Breake's pate *Raph*, breake's pate *Raph*, soundly.

Iasp. Come Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pestle
Snatches away his Pestle.
Shall try what temper, sir, your Morter's of:
With that he stood upright in his stirrops,
And gave the Knight of the Calve-skinne such a knocke,
That he forsooke his horse, and downe he fell,
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking of his Helmet.

Hum. Nay, and my noble Knight be downe so soone,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run.
Exit Humphrey *and* Raph.

Wife. Runne *Raph*, runne *Raph*, runne for thy life boy,
Iasper comes, *Iasper* comes.

Iasp. Come *Luce*, we must have other Armes for you,
Humphrey and *Golden Pestle* both adieu. *Exeunt.*

Wife. Sure the divell, God blesse us, is in this Springald,

why *George*, didst ever see such a fire-drake, I am afraide my boy's miscarried, if he be, though he were master *Merri-thoughts* sonne a' thousand times, if there be any Law in *England*, I'le make some of them smart for't.

Cit. No, no, I have found out the matter sweete-heart, *Jasper* is inchanted as sure as we are here, he is inchanted, he could no more have stood in *Raphs* hands, then I can stand in my Lord Maiors. I'le have a ring to discover all inchantments, and *Raph* shall beate him yet: be no more vext, for it shall be so.

Enter Raph, Squire, Dwarfe, mistresse Merri-thought and Michaell.

Wife. O husband here's *Raph* againe, stay *Raph*, let me speake with thee, how dost thou *Raph*? art thou not shrodly hurt? the foule great Lungeis laid unmercifully on thee, there's some suger-candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If *Raph* had him at the Fencing-schoole, if hee did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and downe the schoole, he should ne're come in my shop more.

Mist.mer. Truely master Knight of the *Burning Pestle* I am weary.

Mich. Indeed law mother and I am very hungry.

Raph. Take comfort gentle Dame, and you faire Squire,
For in this Desart there must needs be plac't
Many strong Castles, held by curteous Knights,
And till I bring you safe to one of those,
I sweare by this my Order ne're to leave you.

Wife. Well said *Raph*, *George*, *Raph* was ever comfortable, was he not? *Cit.* Yes Ducke.

Wife. I shall ne're forget him: when wee had lost our child, you know it was straid almost, alone, to *Puddle-wharf* and the Cryers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it selfe but for a Sculler, *Raph* was the most comfortablest to me: peace Mistresse, saies he, let it goe, I'le get you another as good, did he not *George*? did he not say so?

Cit. Yes indeed did he mouse.

Dwarfe.

Dwarfe I would we had a messe of Pottage, and a pot of drinke, Squire, and were going to bed.

Squire Why we are at *Waltham* Townes end, and that's the *Bell* Inne.

Dwarf. Take courage valiant Knight, Damsel and Squire,
I have discovered, not a stones cast off,
An ancient Castle held by the old Knight
Of the most holy order of the *Bell*;
Who gives to all Knights errant entertaine:
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd,
By the white hands of his owne Ladie deare.
He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests:
The first high Chamberlaino, who will see
Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheetes,
Where neverfootman stretcht his butter'd Hams.
The second hight *Tapstro*, who will see
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein:
The third a gentle Squire *Ostlero* hight,
Who will our Palfries slicke with wisps of straw,
And in the Manger put them oates enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle snuffe.

Wife That same Dwarfe's a pretty boy, but the Squire's a grout-nole.

Rafe. Knocke at the Gates my Squire with stately launce. *Enter Tapster.*

Tap. Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you see a a roome?

Dwarfe Right courteons and valiant Knight of the burning (Pestle,
This is the Squire *Tapstro*.

Rafe Faire squire *Tapstro*, I a wandring Knight,
Height of the burning Pestle in the quest
Of this faire Ladies Casket, and wrought purse,
Losing my selfe in this vast wildernesse,
Am to this Castle well by fortune brought,
Where hearing of the goodly entertaine
Your knight of holy Order of the *Bell*,
Gives to all Damsels, and all errant Knights,

I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tapster An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome, *Exeunt.*

Wife George I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it *Nel?*

Wife Why *George*, shall *Rafe* beate no body againe? prethee sweet-heart let him.

Cit. So he shall *Nel*, and if I joyne with him, wee'le knocke them all.

Enter Humfery and Marchant.

Wife O *George* here's master *Humfery* againe now, that lost Mistresse *Luce*, and mistresse *Lucies* father, master *Humfery* will do some bodies arrant I warrant him.

Hum. Father it's true, in armes I nere shall claspe her,
For she is stolne away by your man *Iasper.*

Wife I thought he would tell him.

March. Unhappy that I am to loose my child,
Now I beginne to thinke on *Iaspers* words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishnesse,
Why didst thou let her goe? thou lov'st her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father forgive me, I shall tell you true,
Looke on my shoulders, they are blacke and blew,
Whilst too and fro faire *Luce* and I were winding,
He came and basted me with a hedge binding.

March. Get men and horses straight, we will be there
Within this houre, you know the place againe?

Hum. I know the place, where he my loynes did swadle,
I'le get six gorses, and to each a saddle.

Mar. Meane time I'le go talke with *Iaspers* father. *Exeunt.*

Wife George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that Master *Humfery* has not Mistresse *Luce* yet, speak *George*, what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No *Nel*, I warrant thee *Iasper* is at *Puckridge* with her by this.

Wife Nay *George*, you must consider Mistresse *Lucies*

feete are tender, and besides, 'tis darke, and I promise you truely, I doe not see how he should get out of *Waltham* forrest with her yet.

Cit. Nay Cunny, what wilt thou lay with me that *Rafe* has her not yet.

Wife I will not lay against *Rafe* hunny, because I have not spoken with him, but looke *George*, peace, heere comes the merry old gentleman againe.

Enter old Merry-thought.

Old mer. When it was growne to darke mid-night,
And all were fast a sleepe,
In came *Margarets* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *Williams* feet.

I have mony, and meat and drinke before hand, till to morrow at noone, why should I be sad? methinks I have halfe a dozen Joviall spirits within mee, I am three merry men, and three merry men: To what end should any man be sad in this world? give me a man that when he goes to hanging cries, troule the blacke boule to me: and a woman that will sing a catch in her Travell. I have seene a man come by my dore, with a serious face, in a blacke cloake, without a hat-band, carrying his head as if hee lookt for pinnes in the street, I have lookt out of my window halfe a yeare after, and have spied that mans head upon *London-bridge*: 'tis vile never trust a Tailor that does not sing at his worke, his mind is of nothing but filching

Wife Marke this *George*, 'tis worth noting: *Godfrey* my Tailor, you know never sings, and he had foureteene yards to make this Gownie, and I'le besworne Mistresse *Pennistone* the Drapers wife had one made with twelve.

Old mer. 'Tis mirth that fils the veines with blood,
More then wine, or sleepe, or food.
Let each man keepe his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keepe
From diseases, must not weepe,
But who ever laughs and sings,

Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rhumes,
Or lingringly his longs consumes:
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catharhes, or griping stone:
But contented lives for aye,
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife Look *George*, how saist thou by this *George*? is't not a fine old man? Now Gods blessing a'thy sweet lips. When wilt thou be so morry *George*? Faith thou art the frowningst little thing when thou art angry, in a countrey.

Enter Marchant.

Cit. Peace Conny, thou shalt see him take downe tooL warrant thee; here's *Luces* father come now.

Old mer. As you came from *Walsingham*, frō the holy land, there met you not with my tru-love by the way as you came.

March. Oh Master *merri-thought!* my daughters gone,
This mirth becomes you not, my daughters gone.

Old mer. Why an if she be what care I?
Or let her come, or goe, or tarry.

Marc. Mock not my misery, it is your sonne,
Whom I have made my owne, when all forsooke him,
Has stolne my only joy, my childe away. (gray,

Old mer. He set her on a milk-white steed, & himselfe upō a
He never turn'd his face againe, but he bore her quite away.

March. Unworthy of the kindnesse I have shewn
To thee, and thine: too late I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my daughters losse.

Old Mer. Your daughter, what a stur's here we yer daughter? Let her goe, thinke no more on her, but sing loud. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing *down, down, down*: they fall down, and arise they never shall.

Marc. Oh might I behold her once againe.
And she once more embrace her aged sire.

Old mer. Fie, how scurvily this goes: and she once more imbrace her aged sire? you'le make a dogge on her, will ye? she cares much for her aged sire I warrant you.

She

She cares not for her daddy, nor she cares not for her mammie.
For sheis, she is, she is my Lord of *Low-gaves* Lassie.

March. For this thy scorne I will pursue
That sonne of thine to death.

Old merri. Do, and when you ha kil'd him,
Give him flowers i'now Palmer, give him flowers i'now,
Give him red and white, and blew, greene, and yellow.

March. I'le fetch my daughter.

Old merri. I'le heare no more a your daughter, it spoiles my mirth.

March. I say I'le fetch my daughter.

Old merri. Was never man for Ladies sake, *downe, downe*
Tormented as I poore sir *Guy*? *de derry downe,*
For *Lucies* sake, that Lady bright, *downe, downe,*
As ever men beheld with eye? *de derry downe.*

March. I'le be reveng'd by Heaven. *Exeunt.*

Musick. *Finis Actus secund.*

Wife. How dost thou like this *George*?

Cit. Why this is well cunny: but if *Raph* were hot once, thou shouldst see more.

Wife. The Fidlers goe againe husband.

Cit. I *Nell*, but this is scurvy musicke: I gave the whoreson gallowes money, and I thinke hee has not got mee the waits of Southwarke, if I heare him not anan, I'le twinge him by the eares. You Musitians, play *Baloo.*

Wife. No good *George*, let's ha *Lachrime.*

Cit. Why this is it cunnie.

Wife. It's all the better *George*: now sweet lambe, what storie is that painted upon the cloth? the confutation of St. *Paul*?

Cit. No lambe, that's *Raph* and *Lucrece.*

Wife. *Raph* and *Lucrece*? which *Raph*? our *Raph*?

Cit. No mouse, that was a *Tartarian.*

Wife. A *Tartarian*? well, I wood the fidlers had done, that we might see our *Raph* againe.

Actus tertius, Scœna prima.

Enter Jasper *and* Luce.

Iasp. Come my deare deare, though we have lost our way,
We have not lost our selves: are you not wearie
With this nights wandring, broken from your rest?
And frighted with the terrour that attends
The darknesse of this wild unpeopled place?

Luce No my best friend, I cannot either feare,
Or entertaine a wearie thought, whilst you
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me.
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish
Amongst the number of forsaken lovers,
Tell the long wearie steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrinke up their blood,
Whilst I (possest with all content and quiet)
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

Iasp. You have caught me *Luce*, so fast, that whilst I live
I shall become your faithfull prisoner:
And weare these chaines for ever. Come, sit downe,
And rest your body, too too delicate
For these disturbances; so, will you sleepe?
Come, do not be more able then you are,
I know you are not skilfull in these watches:
For women are no souldiers; be not nice,
But take it, sleepe I say.

Luce I cannot sleepe,
Indeed I cannot friend.

Iasp. Why then wee'l sing,
And try how that will worke upon our sences.

Luce I'le sing, or say, or any thing but sleepe.

Iasp. Come little Mer-maid, rob me of my heart
With that inchanting voice.

Luce You mocke me *Iasper*.

Song.

Jasp. *Tell me (dearest) what is love?*
Luce. *'Tis a lightning from above,*
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call desire.
'Tis a smile
Doth beguile
Jas. *The poore hearts of men that prove.*
Tell me more, are women true?
Luce. *Some love change, and so do you.*
Jas. *Are they faire, and never kinde?*
Luce. *Yes, when men turne with the winde.*
Jas. *Are they froward?*
Luce. *Ever toward*
Those that love, to love anew.

Iasp. Dissemble it no more, I see the God
Of heavy sleepe, lay on his heavy Mace
Upon your eye-lids. *Luce.* I am very heavy.
Iasp. Sleepe, sleep, and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts:
Keepe from her faire blood, distempers, startings,
Horrors, and fearefull shapes: let all her dreames
Be joyes, and chast delights, embraces, wishes,
And such new pleasures, as the ravish't soule
Gives to the sences. So my charmes have tooke.
Keepe her you powers divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the wealth and beauty of her minde.
She is onely faire, and constant: onely kind,
And onely to thee *Iasper*. Oh my joyes!
Whither will you transport me? let not fulnesse
Of my poore buried hopes, come up together,
And over-charge my spirits: I am weake,
Some say (how ever ill) the sea and women
Are govern'd by the Moone, both ebbe and flow,
Both full of changes: yet to them that know,
And truely judge, these but opinions are,
And heresies to bring on pleasing warre

Betweene our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love, and present feare.
Which are the best of *Cupid*. O thou child!
Bred from despaire, I dare not entertaine thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods then men:
Which to make good, and please my selfe the stronger,
Though certainely I am certaine of her love,
I'le try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after times her constancy.
Luce, Luce, awake. *Luce*. Why do you fright me friend,
With those distempered looks? what makes your sword
Drawne in your hand? who hath offended you?
I prethee *Iasper* sleepe, thou art wilde with watching.
Iasp. Come make your way to heaven, and bid the world
(With all the villanies that sticke upon it)
Farewell; you're for another life. *Luce*. Oh *Iasper*!
How have my tender yeares committed evill,
(Especially against the man I love)
Thus to be cropt untimely. *Iasp*. Foolish girle,
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter,
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his service, shut the doores
Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sinke or swim? Come, by this hand you dye,
I must have life and blood to satisfie
Your fathers wrongs.

Wife. Away *George*, away, raise the watch at *Ludgate*, and bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this desperate villaine. Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the Kings peace kept. O my heart what a varlet's this, to offer man-slaughter upon the harmelesse Gentlewoman?

Cit. I warrant thee (sweet heart) wee'l have him hampered.

Luce. Oh *Iasper*! be not cruell,
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly.

And

And let not many deaths appeare before me.
I am a woman made of feare and love,
A weake, weake woman, kill not with thy eyes,
They shoote me through and through. Strike I am ready.
And dying still I love the. *Enter Marchant, Humphery, and his men.*

March. Where abouts?

Iasp. No more of this, now to my selfe againe.

Hum. There, there he stands with sword like martial knight
Drawne in his hand, therefore beware the fight
You that be wise: for were I good sir *Bevis*,
I would not stay his comming, by your leaves.

Marc. Sirrah, restore my daughter. *Iasp.* Sirrah, no.

March. Upon him then.

Wife So, downe with him downe with him, downe with him: cut him i'the leg boyes, cut him i'th leg.

Marc. Come your waies Minion, I'le provide a Cage for you, you're growne so tame. Horse her away.

Hum. Truely I'me glad your forces have the day. *Exeunt.*

Iasp. They are gon, and I am hurt, my loue is lost, *manet Iasper.*
Never to get againe. Oh me unhappy!
Bleed, bleed, and dye, I cannot: Oh my folly!
Thou hast betraid me, Hope where art thou fled?
Tell me if thou be'st any where remaining.
Shall I but see my love againe? Oh no!
She will not daine to looke upon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venter.
Oh chance, or fortune, or what ere thou art
That men adore for powerfull, heare my cry,
And let me loving live; or loosing die. *Exit.*

Wife. Is a gone *George*?

Cit. I conny.

Wife. Marry and let him goe (sweet heart) by the faith a my body a has put mee into such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an Aspine leafe: looke a my little finger *George*, how it shakes: now intruth every member of my body is the worse fort.

Cit. Come, hugge in mine armes sweet mouse, he shall

not fright thee any more : alas mine owne deare heart, how it quivers.

Enter Mistresse Merrithought, Raphe, Michael, Squire, Dwarfe, Host, and a Tapster.

Wife O *Raph*, how dost thou *Raph*? how hast thou slept to night? has the Knight vs'd thee well?

Cit. Peace *Nel*, let *Raph* alone.

Tapst. Master, the reckoning is not paid.

Raph. Right courteous Knight, who for the orders sake
Which thou hast tane, hang'st out the holy *Bell*,
As I this flaming Pestle beare about,
We render thanks to your puissant selfe,
Your beauteous Ladie, and your gentle Squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbes,
Stiffned with hard atchievements in wild Desart.

Tapst. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Rafe. Thou merry Squire *Tapstero*, thanks to thee,
For comforting our soules with double Jug,
And if adventrous fortune pricke thee forth,
Thou Joviall Squire, to follow feats of armes,
Take heed thou tender every Ladies cause,
Every true Knight, and every Damsell faire
But spill the blood of trecherous Sarazens,
And false inchanters, that with magick spels,
Have done to death full many a noble Knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the *burning Pestle*, give eare to me, there is twelve shillings to pay, and as I am a true Knight, I will not bate a penny.

Wife. *George*, I prethee tell me, must *Raph* pay twelve shillings now?

Cit. No *Nell*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merry with *Raph*,

Wif. O is't nothing else? *Rafe* will be as merry as he.

Raf. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well,
But to requite this liberall curtesie,
If any of your Squires will follow armes,
He shall receive from my Heroicke hand

A Knight-hood, by the vertue of this Pestle.

Host Faire Knight, I thanke you for your noble offer,
Therefore gentle Knight,
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

Wife Looke *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight of the *Bel* is in earnest, *Rase* shall not be beholding to him, give him his mony *George*, and let him go snick up.

Ci. Cap *Rafe*? no, hold your hand sir Knight of the *Bel*, theres your mony, have you any thing to say to *Rafe* now? cap *Raf*?

Wife I would you should know it, *Rafe* has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that, now take thy course *Rafe*.

M. mer. Come *Michael*, thou & I wil go home to thy father, he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'le set fellowes abroad to cry our Purse & Casket: Shal we *Michael?*

Mich. I, I pray mother, intruth my feete are full of chilblaines with traveling.

Wife Faith and those chilblaines are a foule trouble, Mistresse *Merri-thought* when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heeles, and his ancles, with a mouse skinne, or if none of your people can catch a mouse, when hee goes to bed, let him rowle his feet in the warme embers, and I warrant you he shall be well, and you may make him put his fingers betweene his toes and smell to them, it's very soveraigne for his head, if he be costive.

Mist mer. Master knight of the burning Pestle, my sonne *Michael*, and I bid you farewel, I thanke your worship hartily for your kindnesse.

Rafe Fare-well faire Ladie, and your tender Squire,
If pricking through these Desarts, I doe heare
Of any traiterous Knight who through his guile,
Hath light upon your Casket and your Purse,
I will despoile him of them and restore them.

Mist. mer. I thanke your worship. *Exit with Michael.*

Rafe. Dwarfe beare my shield, Squire elevate my lance,
And now farewell you Knight of holy *Bell.*

Cit. I, I *Rafe*, all is paid.

Rafe But yet before I go, speake worthy Knight,
If ought you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant Knights may through his prowesse winne
Eternall fame, and free some gentle soules,
From endlesse bonds of steel and lingring paine.

Host. Sirrah go to *Nick* the *Barber*, and bid him prepare himselfe, as I told you before, quickly.

Tap. I am gone sir. *Exit Tapster.*

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderneſſe affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a Knight
Hath tride his prowesse, and come off with shame,
And where I would not have you loose your life,
Against no man, but furious fiend of Hell.

Raph. Speake on sir Knight, tell what he is, and where
For here I vow upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietnesse;
But bread and water will I onely eate,
And the greene herb and rock shall be my couch
Till I have queld that man, or beast, or fiend,
That workes such damage to all Errant Knights.

Host. Not far from hence, neere to a craggy cliffe
At the North end of this distressed Towne,
There doth stand a lowly house
Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave,
In which an ugle Gyant now doth won,
Ycleped *Barbaroso*: in his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steele,
With sleeves turn'd up, and him before he weares,
A motly garment to preserve his cloathes
From blood of those Knights which he massacres,
And Ladies Gentle, without his dore doth hang
A copper bason, on a prickant Speare
At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knocke,
But the shrill sound, fierce *Barbaroso* heares,
And rushing forth, brings in the errant Knight,
And sets him downe in an inchanted chaire:
Then with an Engine, which he hath prepar'd,

With

With forty teeth, he clawes his courtly crowne,
Next makes him winke, and underneath his chinne,
He plants a brazen peece of mighty bord,
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks,
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his haire off, he doth fill
The wretches eares with a most hideous noise.
Thus every Knight adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.

Raph. In Gods name, I will fight with him, kind sir,
Go but before me to this dismall Cave,
Where this huge Gyant *Barbaroso* dwells,
And by that vertue that brave *Rosicleere*,
That damned brood of ougly Gyants slew,
And *Palmerin Frannarco* overthrew:
I doubt not but to curbe this Traytour foule,
And to the Divell send his guilty soule.

Host. Brave sprighted Knight, thus far I will performe
This your request, I'le bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man: but dare not stay,
For his maine force swoopes all he sees, away. (*Exeunt.*

Raph. Saint *George* set on before, march Squire and page.

Wife, George, dost thinke *Raph* will confound the Gyant?

Cit. I hold my cap to a farthing he does: why *Nel*, I saw him wrastle with the great Dutch-man, and hurle him.

Wife. Faith and that Dutch-man was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his bignesse: and yet they say there was a Scotish-man higher then he, and that they two and a Knight met, and saw one another for nothing, but of all the sights that ever were in *London*, since I was married, me thinkes the little childe that was so faire growne about the members, was the prettiest, that and the *Hermaprodite*.

Cit. Nay by your leave *Nel*, *Ninivy* was better.

Wife. *Ninivy*, O that was the story of *Ione* and the wall, was it not *George*?

Cit. Yes lam. *Enter mistresse Merry-thought.*

Wife.

Wife. Looke *George*, here comes Mistresse *Merri-thought* againe, and I would have *Raph* come and fight with the Giant, I tell you true, I long to see't.

Cit. Good mistresse *Merri-thought* be gone, I pray you for my sake, I pray you forbeare a little, you shalt have audience presently, I have a little businesse.

Wife. Mistresse *Merri-thought*, if it please you to refraine your passiõ a little, till *Raph* have dispatcht the Giant out of the way, we shal think our selves much boũd to you, I thank you good Mistresse *Merri-thought*. *Exit mist. Merry-th.*

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither, send away *Raph* and this whoreson Giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith sir we cannot, you'le utterly spoile our Play, and make it to be hist, and it cost money, you will not suffer us to go on with our plos, I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'le trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand *George*, do, and I'le kisse him, I warrant thee the youth meanes plainely.

Boy. I'le send him to you presently. *Exit Boy.*

Wife. I thanke you little youth, feth the childe hath a sweet breath *George*, but I thinke it be troubled with the wormes, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mares milke were the onely thing in the world for't, O *Raph's* heere *George*, God send thee good lucke *Raph*.

Enter Raph, Host, Squire, and Dwarfe.

Host. Puissant Knight yonder his Mansion is,
Lo where the speare and Copper Bason are,
Behold that string on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawne from the gentle jaw of wandring Knights,
I dare not stay to sound, he will appeare. *Exit Host.*

Raph. O faint not heart, *Susan* my Lady deare,
The Coblers Maid in Milke-streete, for whose sake,
I take these Armes, O let the thought of thee,
Carrie thy Knight through all the adventerous deeds,

And

And in the honour of thy beauteous selfe,
May I destroy this monster *Barbaroso*,
Knocke Squire upon the Bason till it breake *Enter*
With the shrill strokes, or till the Gyant speake. *Barba.*

Wi. O *George*, the Giant, the Giant, now *Raph* for thy life.

Barbar. What fond unknowing wight is this, that dares
So rudely knock at *Barbarossa's* Cell,
Where no man comes but leaves his fleece behind?

Raph. I, traiterous Caitiffe, who am sent by fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against Ladies gentle,
And errant Knights, traytor to God and men:
Prepare thy selfe, this is the dismall houre
Appointed for thee, to give strickt account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

Barba. Foole-hardy Knight, full soone thou shalt aby
This fond reproach, thy body will I bang, *He takes downe*
And loe upon that string thy teeth shall hang: *his pole.*
Prepare thy selfe, for dead soone shalt thou be.

Raph. Saint *George* for me. *They fight.*

Barba. *Gargantua* for me.

Wife. To him *Raph*, to him, hold up the Giant, set out thy leg before *Raph*.

Cit. Falsifie a blow *Raph*, falsifie a blow, the Giant lies open on the left side.

VWife. Beare't off, beare't off still; there boy, O *Raph's* almost downe, *Raph's* almost downe.

Raph. *Susan*, inspire me, now have up againe.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up, so *Raph*, downe with him, downe with him *Raph*.

Cit. Fetch him o're the hip boy.

VWife. There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Raph*.

Cit. No *Raph*, get all out of him first.

Raph. Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee, the just Gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villanies which thou hast done

To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home
By my stiffe arme, a Knight adventurous.
But say vile wretch, before I send thy soule
To sad *Avernus*, whither it must go,
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave.

Barba. Go in and free them all, thou hast the day.

Raph. Go Squire and Dwarfe, search in this dreadfull cave,
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

Exit Squire and Dwarfe.

Barb. I crave for mercy, as thou art a Knight,
And scornst to spill the blood of those that beg.

Raph. Thou shewdst no mercy, nor shalt thou have any,
Prepare thy selfe, for thou shalt surely die.

Enter Squire leding one winking, with a basō under his chin.

Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one prisoner,
Whom this wild man hath used as you see.

VVife. This is the wise word I heard the Squire speake.

Raph. Speake what thou art, and how thou hast bin us'd,
That I may give him condigne punishment.

1 *Kni.* I am a Knight that tooke my journey post
North-ward from *London*, and in courteous wise,
This Giant train'd me to his den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch,
And all my body with a powder strew'd,
That smarts and stings, and cut away my beard,
And my curl'd locks wherein were ribands ti'de,
And with a water washt my tender eyes,
Whilst up and downe about me still he skip't,
Whose vertue is, that till mine eyes be wip't
With a dry cloath, for this my foule disgrace,
I shall not dare to looke a dog i'th' face.

VVife. Alas poore Knight, relieve him *Raph*, relieve poore Knights whilst you live.

Raph. My trusty Squire convey him to the Towne,
Where he may find relieſe, adieu faire Knight. *Ex. Knight.*

Enter Dwarfe leading one with a patch o're his Nose.

Dwar. Puissant Knight of the burning Pestle hight,

See

See heere another wretch, whom this foule beast
Hath scorcht and scor'd in this inhumane wise.

Raph. Speake me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath bin thy usage in this Cave.

2. *Knigh.* I am a Knight, Sir *Pock-hole* is my name,
And by my birth I am a *Londoner*,
Free by my coppy, but my Ancestors
Were *French-men* all, and riding hard this way,
Upon a trotting horse my bones did ake,
And I faint Knight to ease my weary limbes,
Light at this Cave, when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steele,
Did cut the gristle of my Nose away,
And in the place this velvet plaister stands,
Relieve me gentle Knight out of his hands.

Wife. Good *Raph* relieve sir *Pock-hole* and send him away, for in truth his breath stinkes.

Raph. Convey him streight after the other Knight: Sir *Pock-hole* fare you well.

3. *Kni.* Kinde sir good-night. *Exit*

Cryes within.

Man. Deliver us. *Woman.* Deliver us.

Wife. Harke *George*, what a wofull cry there is, I thinke some woman lies in there. *Man.* Deliver us.

Woman Deliver us.

Raph. What gastly noise is this? speake *Barbaroso*
Or by this blasing steele thy head goes off.

Barb. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keepe,
Send lower downe into the Cave,
And in a tub that's heated smoaking hot,
There may they finde them and deliver them.

Raph. Run Squire and Dwarfe, deliver them with speed.

Exeunt Squire and Dwarfe.

Wife. But will not *Raph* kill this Giant, surely I am afeard if he let him goe he will do as much hurt, as ever he did.

Citizen. Not so mouse neither, if hee could convert him.

Wife. I *George* if he could convert him, but a Giant is not so soone converted as one of us ordinary people: there's a pretty tale of a Witch, that had the divels marke about her, God blesse us, that had a Giant to her sonne, that was call'd *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didst never heare it *George?*

Enter Squire leading a man with a glasse of Lotion in his hand, and the Dwarfe leading a woman, with diet-bread and drinke.

Cit. Peace *Nel*, here comes the Prisoners.

Dwar. Here be these pined wretches, manfull Knight,
That for this sixe weekes have not seene a wight

Raph. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this sad Cave, and what your usage was?

Man. I am an Errant Knight, that followed Armes,
With speare and Shield, and in my tender yeares
I stricken was with *Cupids* fiery shaft,
And fell in love with this my Lady deare,
And stole her from her friends in turne-ball street,
And bore her up and downe from Towne to Towne,
Where we did eat and drinke, and Musicke heare,
Till at the length, at this unhappy Towne
We did arive, and comming to this Cave
This beast us caught, and put us in a Tub,
Where wee this two months sweat, and should have done
Another month if you had not reliev'd us.

Wom. This bread and water hath our diet beene,
Together with a rib cut from a necke
Of burned Mutton, hard hath beene our fare,
Release us from this ugly Giants snare.

Man. This hath beene all the food we have receiv'd,
But onely twice a day for novelty,
He gave a spunfull of his harty broth, *Puls out a sirringe.*
To each of us through this lame slender quill.

Raph. From this infernall monster you shall goe
That useth Knights and gentle Ladies so:
Convey them hence. *Exeunt man and woman.*

Cit.

Cit. Cunny, I can tell thee the gentlemen like *Raph.*

Wife I *George*, I see it well inough. Gentlemen I thank you all hartily for gracing my man *Raph*, and I promise you you shall see him oftner.

Bar. Mercy great Knight, I do recant my ill,
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

Raph. I give thee mercy, but yet shalt thou sweare
Upon my burning Pestle, to performe
Thy promise utter'd.

Bar. I sweare, and kisse.

Raph. Depart then, and amend.
Come Squire and Dwarfe, the Sunne growes towards his set.
and we have many more adventures yet. *Exeunt.*

Cit. Now *Raph* is in this humour, I know he would ha beaten all the boyes in the house, if they had beene set on him.

Wife I *George*, but it is well as it is, I warrant you the Gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a Gyant: but looke *George*, heere comes mistresse *Merri-thought*, and her sonne *Michael*; now you are welcome mistresse *Merri-thought*, now *Rafe* has done you may goe on.

Enter Mistresse Merri-thought and Michael.

Mist. Mer. Micke my boy?

Mich. I forsooth mother.

Mist mer. Be merry *Micke*, we are at home now; where I warrant you, you shall finde the house flung out of the windowes: Harke, hey dogges, hey, this is the old world I'faith with my husband; if I get in among 'em, I'le play em such a lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither againe. Why master *Merri-thought*, husband, *Charles Merri-thought.*

Old mer. within. If you will sing and dance, and laugh, and hollow, and laugh againe, and then cry there boyes there: why then,
One, two, three, and foure,
We shall be merry within this houre.

Mist. Merri. Why *Charles*, doe you not know your

owne naturall wife? I say open the doore, and turne me out those mangy cōpanions; 'tis more then time that they were fellow and fellow like with you: you are a gentleman *Charles*, and an old man, and father of two children; and I my selfe (though I say it) by my mothers side, Neece to a worshipfull Gent'eman, and a conductor, hee has beene three times in his Majesties service at *Chester*, and is now the fourth time, God blesse him, and his charge upon his journey.

Old Mer. *Go from my window, love goe:*
Go from my window my deere,
The winde and the raine will drive you back againe,
You cannot be lodged heere.

Harke you Mistresse *Merrithought*, you that walke upon adventures, and forsake your husband, because he sings with never a penny in his purse; what shall I thinke my selfe the worse? Faith no, I'le be merry.

You come not heere, heere's none but lads of mettle, lives of a hundred yeares, and upwards, care never drunke their bloods, nor want made 'em warble.

Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.

Mist Mer. Why M. *Merrithought*, what am I that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler (as we may say) in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sicknesse? have I not brought you Children? are they not like you *Charles*? looke upon thine owne Image, hard-harted man; and yet for all this---

Old mer. within. Begon, begon, my juggy, my puggy, begon my love my deare.

The weather is warme, 'twill do the no harme, thou canst not be lodged heere.

Be merry boyes, some light musicke, and more wine.

Wife. He' snot in earnest, I hope *George*, is he?

Cit. What if he be, sweet heart?

Wife. Marry if hee bee *George*, I'le make bold to tell him he's an ingrant old man, to use his bedfellow so scurvily.

Cit. What how does he use her hunny?

Wife

Wife. Marie come up sir sauce-box, I thinke you'l take his part, will you not? Lord how hot are you growne: you are a fine man an you had a fine dogge, it becomes you sweetly.

Cit. Nay prethee *Nell* chide not: for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian Grocer, I doe not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then *George*, you know we are all fraile, and full of infirmities. Dee heare Mr. *Merri-thought*, may I crave a word with you?

Old mer. within. Strike up lively lads.

Wife. I had not thought in truth, Mr. *Merri-thought*, that a man of your age and discretion (as I may say) being a Gentleman, and therefore knowne by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weaknesse of his wife: for your wife is your owne flesh, the staffe of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose helpe you draw through the mire of this transitory world: Nay, she's your owne ribbe. And againe---

Old mer. I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadst kist me under the breech,
As thou art a Lady gay.

VVife. Marie with a vengeance.
I am heartily sorry for the poore gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, i'faith gray-beard, i'faith---

Cit. I prethee sweet hunny-suckle, be content.

VVife. Give me such words that am a gentlewoman borne, hang him hoary rascall. Get me some drinke *George*, I am almost molten with fretting: now beshrew his knaves heart for it.

Old mer. Play me a light *Lavalto*: come, be frolicke, fill the good fellowes wine.

Mist. mer. Why Mr. *Merry-thought*, are you disposed to make me waite here: you'l open I hope, I'le fetch them that shall open else.

Old mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'le give you something, if not---

Song.

Song.

You are no love for me Margret, *I am no love for you.*
Come aloft Boyes, aloft.

Mist. mer. Now a Churles fart in your teeth sir: Come *Micke*, wee'l not trouble him, a shall not ding us i'th teeth with his bread and his broth: that he shal not: come boy, I'le provide for thee, I warrant thee: wee'l goe to master *Venterwels* the Marchant, I'le get his letter to mine Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there I'le place thee with the Tapster; will not that do well for thee *Micke*? and let me alone for that old Cuckoldly knave your father, I'le use him in his kinde, I warrant yee.

Wife. Come *George*, where's the beere?

Cit. Here love.

Wife. This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet; Gentlemen, I'le begin to you all, and I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the Gentlemen some beere *George*.

Finis Actus tertij. Musicke.

Actus quartus, Scœna prima.

Boy danceth.

Wife. Looke *George*, the little boy's come againe, mee thinkes he looks something like the Prince of *Orange* in his long stocking, if hee had a little harnesse about his necke. *George*, I will have him dance *Fading*; *Fading* is a fine Jig I'le assure you Gentlemen: begin brother, now a capers sweet heart, now a turne a th'toe, and then tumble: cannot you tumble youth?

Boy. No indeed forsooth.

Wife. Nor eate fire? *Boy.* Neither.

Wife. Why then I thanke you heartily, there's two pence to buy you points withall.

Enter Jasper and boy.

Iasp. There boy, deliver this: but do it well. Hast thou provided me foure lusty fellowes?

Able

Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy businesse? *Boy.* Sir, you need not feare,
I have my lesson here, and cannot misse it:
The men are ready for you, and what else
Pertaines to this imployment. *Iasp.* There my boy,
Take it, but buy no land. *Boy.* Faith sir 'twere rare
To see so young a purchaser: I flye,
And on my wings carry your destinie. *Exit.*

Iasp. Go, and be happy. Now my latest hope
Forsake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,
And let it hold: stand fixt thou rolling stone,
Till I enjoy my dearest: heare me all
You powers that rule in men cœlestiall. *Exit.*

Wife. Goe thy waies, thou art as crooked a sprigge as ever grew in *London*; I warrant him hee'l come to some naughty end or other: for his lookes say no lesse: Besides, his father (you know *George*) is none of the best, you heard him take me up like a flirt Gill, and sing baudy songs upon me: but i'faith if I live *George*---

Cit. Let me alone sweet-heart, I have a tricke in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one yeare, and make him sing *Peccavi*, ere I leave him, and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do my good *George*, do.

Cit. What shall we have *Raph* do now boy?

Boy. You shall have what you will sir.

Cit. Why so sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of *Persia* come and christen him a Childe.

Boy. Beleeve me sir, that will not do so well, 'tis stale, it has beene had before at the red Bull.

Wife. George, let *Raph* travel over great hils, & let him be very weary, and come to the King of *Cracovia's* house, covered with velvet, and there let the Kings daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a combe of Ivory, and let her spy *Raph*, and fall in love with him, and come downe to him, and carry him into her fathers house, and then let *Raph* talke with her.

Cit. Wel said *Nell*, it shal be so: boy let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall heare them talke together: but wee cannot present a house covered with blacke velvet, and a Lady in beaten gold.

Cit. Sir boy, let's ha't as you can then.

Boy. Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a Grocers prentice to court a Kings daughter.

Cit. Will it so sir? you are well read in Histories: I pray you what was sir *Dagonet?* was not he prentice to a Grocer in *London?* read the play of the *Foure Prentises of London*, where they tosse their pikes so: I pray you fetch him in sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done, it is not our fault gentlemen. *Exit.*

Wife. Now we shal see fine doings I warrant tee *George*. O here they come; how pretily the king of *Cracovia's* daughter is dreſt. *Enter Raph and the Lady, Squire & Dwarfe.*

Cit. I *Nel*, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant tee.

Lady. Welcome sir Knight unto my fathers Court.
King of *Moldavia*, unto me *Pompiona*
His daughter deare: but sure you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night. *Raph.* Damsell right faire,
I am on many sad adventures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderneſſe:
Besides, my horses backe is something gall'd,
Which will inforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks (faire Lady) be to you,
For using errant Knight with curtesie.

Lady. But say (brave Knight) what is your name & birth?

Raph. My name is *Raph*, I am an English man,
As true as steele, a hearty Englishman,
And prentice to a Grocer in the Strand,
By deed Indent, of which I have one part:
But fortune calling me to follow Armes,
On me this holy order I did take,
Of Burning Pestle, which in all mens eyes,

I beare, confounding Ladies enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave country-men,
And fertill soile, and store of holesome food,
My father oft will tell me of a drinke
In England found, and *Nipitato* cal'd.
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

Raph. Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your lips
To bitter *Nipitato* then there is.

Lady. And of a wild-fowle he will often speake,
Which poudred beefe and mustard called is:
For there have beene great warres 'twixt us and you,
But truely *Raph* it was not long of me.
Tell me then *Raph* could you contented be,
To weare a Ladies favour in your shield?

Raph. I am a Knight of Religious order,
And will not weare a favour of a Ladies
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.

Cit. Well said *Raph*, convert her if thou canst.

Raph. Besides, I have a Lady of my owne
In merry England; for whose vertuous sake
I tooke these Armes, and *Susan* is her name,
A Coblers maid in Milke-streete, whom I vow
Nere to forsake. whilst life and Pestell last.

Lady Happy that Cobling dame, who ere she be
That for her owne (deare *Raph*) hath gotten thee.
Unhappy I, that nere shall see the day
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away.

Raph. Lady fare-well, I needs must take my leave.

Lady. Hard-hearted *Raph*, that Ladies dost deceive.

Cit. Harke thee *Raph* there's money for thee; give something in the King of *Cracovia's* house, be not beholding to him.

Raph. Lady before I goe, I must remember
Your fathers Officers, who truth to tell,
Have beene about me very diligent,
Hold up thy snowy hand thou princely maid,
There's twelvepence for your fathers Chamberlaine.

And another shilling for his Cooke,
For by my troth the Goose was rosted well.
And twelvepence for your fathsrs horse-keeper,
For nointing my horse back, and for his butter
There is another shilling, to the maid
That washt my boot-hose, there's an English groat,
And twopence to the boy that wip't my boots:
And last, faire Lady, there is for your selfe
Three pence to buy you pinnes at *Bumbo* faire.

Lady. Full many thanks, and I will keepe them safe
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake *Raph*.

Raph. Advance my Squire and Dwarfe, I cannot stay.

Lady. Thou kil'st my heart in parting thus away. *Exeunt*.

Wife. I commend *Rafe* yet that hee will not stoope to a *Cracovian*, there's properer women in *London* then any are there I-wis, But heere comes Master *Humfery* and his love again now *George*.

Cit. I cunny, peace.

Enter Marchant, Humphery, Luce and Boy.

Marc. Goe get you up, I will not be intreated.
And gossip mine I'le keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out againe, with boies and unthrifts,
Come they are womens teares, I know your fashion.
Go sirrah, locke her in, and keepe the key. *Exit Luce*.
Safe as you loue your life. Now my son *Humphery*, (*& Boy*.
You may both rest assured of my love
In this, and reap your owne desire.

Hum. I see this love you speake of, through your daughter,
Although the hole be little; and hereafter
Will yeeld the like in all I may, or can,
Fitting a Christian, and a gentleman.

Marc. I do beleeve you (my good sonne) and thank you:
Fer 'twere an impudence to thinke you flattered.

Hum. It were indeed, but shall I tell you why,
I have beene beaten twice about the lie.

Mar. Well son, no more of complement, my daughter
Is yours againe; appoint the time, and take her,

We

We'le have no stealing for it, I my selfe
And some few of our friends will see you married.

Hum. I would you would i'faith, for be it knowne
I ever was afraid to lie alone.

Mar. Some three daies hence then.

Hum. Three daies, let me see,
'Tis somewhat of the most, yet I agree,
Because I meane against the pointed day,
To visite all my friends in new array *Enter servant.*

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speake with your worship. *Mar.* What is she?

Ser. Sir I askt her not.

Mar. Bid her come in.

Enter Mistresse Merri-thought and Michael.

Mist.mer. Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poore Suitor to you sir, in the behalfe of this child.

Mar. Are you not wife to *Merri-thought?*

Mist.mer. Yes truly, would I had nere seene his eies, ha has undone me and himselfe, and his children, & there he lives at home & sings, & hoits, and revels among his drunken companions, but I warrant you, where to get a penie to put bread in his mouth, he knowes not: And therefore if it like your Worship, I should intreat your letter, to the honest Host of the *Bel* in *Waltham*, that I may place my childe under the protection of his *Tapster*, in some setled course of life.

Mar. I'me glad the heavens have heard my praiers: thy
When I was ripe in sorrowes laught at me, (husband
Thy sonne like an unthankefull wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To shew his love againe, first stole my daughter,
Then wrongd this Gentleman, and last of all,
Gave me that griefe, had almost brought me downe
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand
Releiv'd my sorrowes, go, and weep as I did,
And be unpittied, for I heere professe
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

Mist mer. Will you so sir, how say you by that? come

Micke, let him keep his wind to coole his Porrage, wee'le goe to thy Nurces *Micke*, she knits silke stockings boy, & we'le knit too boy, and bee beholding to none of them all. *Exeunt Michael and mother.*

Enter a boy with a letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the master of this house.

Mar. How then boy?

Boy. Then to your selfe sir comes this letter.

Mat. From whom my pretty boy?

Boy. From him that was your servant, but no more
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead,
Griefe of your purchas'd anger broke his heart,
I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither,
Read it, and satisfie your selfe in all.

Letter.

Marc. *Sir, that I have wronged your love, I must confesse, in which I have purchast to my self, besides mine own undoing, the il opinion of my friends, let not your anger, good sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgivenes; let my body (if a dying man may so much prevaile with you) bee brought to your daughter, that shee may truely know my hote flames are now buried, & withall, receive a testimony of the zeale I bore her vertue: farewel for ever, and be ever happy.*

Jasper.

Gods hand is great in this, I do forgive him,
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite againe: boy bring the body,
And let him have his will, if that be all.

Boy. Tis here without sir. *Mar*. So sir, if you please
You may conduct it in, I do not feare it.

Hum. I'le be your Usher boy, for though I say it,
He ow'd me something once, and well did paie it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Luce alone

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more then yet I feele,
Let it together ceaze me, and at once

Presse

Presse downe my soule, I cannot beare the paine
Of these delaying tortures : thou that art
The end or all, and the sweet rest of all;
Come, come oh Death, bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruell friend.
O wretched maide still living to be wretched,
To be a say to fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together,
How happy had I beene, if being borne
My grave had beene my cradle? *Enter servant.*

Ser. By your leave
Yong mistresse, here's a boy hath brought a coffin,
What a would say I know not, but your father
Charg'd me to give you notice, here they come.

Enter two bearing a Coffin, Iasper in it.

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

Boy. Faire Mistresse, let me not adde greater griefe
To that great store you have already; *Iasper*
That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead,
And here enclos'd, commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to crave a teare
From those faire eyes, though he deserv'd not pitty,
To decke his funerall, for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he di'de. *Luce.* He shall have many:
Good friends depart a little, whilst I take *Exeunt Coffin*
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd: *carrier & boy.*
Hold, yet a little, life, and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being; O my friend!
Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long be after, but beleeve me,
Thou wert too cruell *Iasper* 'gainst thy selfe,
In punishing the fault I could have pardoned,
With so untimely death; thou didst not wrong me,
But ever wer't most kinde, most true, most loving;
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruell.
Didst thou but aske a teare? I'le give thee all,

Even

Even all my eyes can powre downe, all my sigh's
And all my selfe, before thou goest from me
There are but sparing rites : But if thy soule
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to decke thee with,
It shall goe up, borne on the wings of peace,
And satisfied : first will I sing thy dirge,
Then kisse thy pale lips, and then die my selfe,
And fill one Coffin and one grave together.

Song.

Come you whose loves are dead,
And whiles I sing
Weepe and wring
Every hand and every head,
Bind with Cipres and sad Ewe,
Ribands blacke, and candles blew,
For him that was of men most true.

Come with heavy mourning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighes and groaning,
Let him have faire flowers enow,
White and purple, greene and yellow,
For him that was of men most true.

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joyes,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.
Iasp. And thus you meete the living. *Luce.* Save me heaven.
Iasp. Nay do not flie me faire, I am no spirit,
Looke better on me, do you know me yet?
Luce. O thou deare shadow of my friend.
Iasp. Deare substance,
I sweare I am no shadow, feele my hand,
It is the same it was, I am your *Iasper*,
Your *Iasper* that's yet living, and yet loving,
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proofe

I put in practice of your constancy:
For sooner should my sword have drunke my blood,
And set my soule at liberty, then drawne
The least drop from that body; for which boldnesse
Doome me to any thing: if death, I take it
And willingly. *Luce.* This death I'le give you for it,
So, now I am satisfied: you are no spirit,
But my owne truest, truest, truest friend,
Why doe you come thus to me?

Iasp. First, to see you,
Then to convey you hence.

Luce. It cannot be,
For I am lock't up here, and watcht at all houres,
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

Iasp. Nothing more possible, within this coffin
Do you convey your selfe, let me alone,
I have the wits of twenty men about me,
Onely I crave the shelter of your Closet
A little, and then feare me not; creepe in
That they may presently convey you hence:
Feare nothing dearest love, I'le be your second,
Lie close, so, all goes well yet; Boy.

Boy. At hand sir.

Iasp. Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already.

Iasp. Now must I go conjure. *Exit.*

Enter Merchant.

Merch. Boy, boy.

Boy. Your servant sir.

Merch. Do me this kindnesse boy, hold here's a crowne: Before thou bury the body of this fellow, carrie it to his old merry father, and salute him from me, and bid him sing, he hath cause.

Boy. I will sir.

Merch. And then bring mee word what tune hee is in, and have another crowne: but do it truely.
I have fitted him a bargaine, now, will vexe him.

Boy. God blesse your Worships health sir.

March. Fare-well boy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Master Merry-thought.

Wife. Ah old *Merry-thought*, art thou there againe, let's heare some of thy songs.

Old Mer. *Who can sing a merrier noate,*
Then he that cannot change a groat?

Not a *Denier* left, and yet my heart leapes, I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a Trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walke the streetes, my wife and both my sonnes are I know not where, I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meate to supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall finde it upon the Table at sixe a clocke, therefore hang Thought.

I would not be a Servingman to carrie the cloke-bag still,
Nor would I be a Fawlconer the greedie Hawkes to fill.
But I would be in a good house, and have a good Master too.
But I would eat & drink of the best, & no work would I do.

This is it that keeps life and soule together, mirth, this is the Philosophers stone that they write so much on, that keepes a man ever young.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your mony is gone, and they will trust you for no more drinke.

Old. mer. Will they not? let 'em choose, the best is, I have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keepe their drinke to themselves.

For *Jillian* of *Berry* she dwels on a Hill,
And she hath good Beere and Ale to sell.
And of good fellows she thinkes no ill,
And thither will wee goe now, now, now, and thither
Will we go now.
And when you have made a little stay,
You need not aske what is to pay,
But kisse your Hostesse and go your way. And thither, &c.

Enter another boy.

2. *Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Old mer.

Old mer. Hang bread and supper, let's preserve our mirth, and we shall neuer feele hunger, I'le warrant you; let's have a Catch, boy follow me, come sing this Catch.

Ho, ho, no body at home, meate, nor, drinke, nor money ha we none, fill the pot Eedy, never more need I.

Old mer. So boies enough, follow me, let's change our place and we shall laugh afresh.

Exeunt.

Wife. Let him go *George*, a shall not have any countenance from us, not a good word from any i'th' Company, if I may strike stroke in't.

Cittiz. No more a shannot love; but *Nel* I will have *Raph* doe a very notable matter now, to the eternall honour and glory of all *Grocers*, sirrah you there boy, can none of you heare?

Boy. Sir, your pleasure.

Cit. Let *Raph* come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a Conduit with all his scarfes about him, and his fethers, and his rings, and his knacks.

Boy. Why sir, you not thinke of our plot, what will become of that then?

Cit. Why sir, I care not what become on't, I'le have him comeout, or I'le fetch him out my selfe, I'lehave something done in honor of the Citty: besides, he hath bene long enongh upon Adventures, bring him out quickly, or if I come amongst you---

Boy. Well sir he shall come out, but if our play miscarry, sir you are like to pay for't.

Exit boy.

Cit. Bring himaway then.

Wife This will be brave i'faith, *George* shall not he dance the morrice too for the credit of the Strand.

Cit. No sweete-heart it will be too much for the boy, O there he is *Nel*, hee's reasonable well in reparell, but hee has not rings enough.

Enter Raph.

Raph. London, *to thee I do present the merry Month of May,*

Let each true Subject be content to heare me what I say:
For from the top of Conduit head, as plainely may appeare,
I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My name is Raph, *by due discent, though not ignoble I,*
Yet far inferior to the flocke of gratious Grocery.
And by the Common-councell of my fellowes in the Strand,
With guilded Staffe, and crossed Skarfe, the May-lord here I stand.
Rejoyce ô English hearts, rejoyce, rejoyce ô lovers deare,
Rejoyce ô Citty, Towne, and Country, rejoyce eke every Shire;
For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemely sort,
The little Birds do sit and sing, the Lambes do make fine sport.
And now the Burchin Tree doth bud that makes the Schoole boy cry
The Morice rings while Hobby-horse doth foote it feateously:
The Lords and Ladies nów abroad for their disport and play,
Do kisse sometimes upon the Grasse, and sometimes in the Hey.
Now Butter with a leafe of Sage is good to purge the blood,
Fly Venus *and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.*
Now little fish on tender stone, begin to cast their bellies,
And sluggish snailes, that erst were mute, do creep out of their shelies.
The rumbling Rivers now do warme for little boies to pedle,
The sturdy Steed, now goes to Grasse, and up they hang his saddle.
The heavy Heart, the blowing Bucke, the Rascall and the Pricket,
Are now among the Yeomans Pease, and leave the feareful thicket.
And be like them, ô you, I say, of this same noble Towne,
And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping of your gowne:
With bels on legs, and napkins cleane unto your shoulders ti'de,
With Scarfes and Garters as you please, & Hey for our towne cri'd:
March out and shew your willing mindes, by twenty, and by twenty,
To Hogsdon, or to Newington, where Ale and Cakes are plenty.
And let it nere be said for shame, that we the youths of London,
Lay thruming of our caps at home, and left our custome undone.
Up then I say, both yong and old, both man and maid a Maying
With Drums and Guns that bounce alowd, and merry Taber playing.
Which to prolong, God save our King, and send his Country peace,
And root out Treason from the Land, and so my friends I cease.

Finis Act 4.

Actus.

Actus 5. Scœna prima.

Enter Marchant, solus.

Mar. I will have no great store of company at the wedding, a cupple of neighbours and their wives, and wee will have a Capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good peece of beefe, stuck with rose-mary.

Enter Iasper, his face mealed

Iasp. Forbeare thy paines fond man, it is too late.
March. Heaven blesse me: *Iasper?*
Iasp. I, I am his Ghost
Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love:
Fond worldly wretch, who dost not understand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
First know thy daughter is quite borne away,
On wings on Angels, through the liquid air
Too farre out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face: But she and I,
Will in another world enjoy our loves,
Where neither fathers anger, poverty,
Nor any crosse that troubles earthly men
Shall make us sever our united hearts,
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With gastly lookes, and put into thy minde
The great offences which thou didst to me.
When thou art at thy Table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and fild with swelling wine,
I'le come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thy selfe,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine eare,
Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as Death it selfe.
March. Forgive me *Iasper*; Oh! what might I doe?

Tell me to satisfie thy trobled Ghost?

Iasp. There is no meanes, too late thou thinst on this.

Mar. But tell me what were best for me to doe?

Iasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfie my father,
And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy dores. *Exit Iasp.*

Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Looke *George*, his very Ghost would have folkes beaten.

Hum. Father, my bride is gone, faire Mistresse *Luce*,
My soule's the fount of vengeance, mischiefes sluce.

Mar. Hence foole out of my sight, with thy fond passion.
Thou hast undone me.

Hum. Hold my father deare,
For *Luce* thy daughters sake, that had no peere.

Mar. Thy father foole? there's some blowes more, begon.
Iasper, I hope the Ghost be well appeased,
To see thy will perform'd, now I'le goe
To satisfie thy father for thy wrongs. *Exit.*

Hum. What shall I do? I have beene beaten twice.
And Mistresse *Luce* is gone? helpe me device:
Since my true-love is gone, I nevermore,
Whilst I do live upon the skie will pore;
But in the darke will weare out my shooe-soles
In passion, in Saint *Faiths* Church under *Paules.* *Exit.*

Wife. *George* call *Rafe* hither, if you love me cal *Raph* hither, I have the bravest thing for him to do *George*; prethee call him quickly.

Cit. *Rafe*, why *Rafe* boy. *Enter Raph.*

Raph. Heere sir.

Cit. Come hither *Raph*, come to thy Mistresse boy.

Wife. *Raph* I would have thee call all the youths together in battle-ray, with drums and guns, and flags, and march to Mile-end in pompous fashion, and there exhort your Souldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burning *Raph*, and then skirmish, and let your flags flie, and cry kil, kil, kil: my husband shall lend you his Jerkin *Raph*, and there's a scarfe; for the rest, the house shall furnish you,

and

and wee'l pay for't: doe it bravely *Raph*, and thinke before whom you performe, and what person you represent.

Raph. I warrant you mistresse if I do it not for the honour of the Citie, and the credit of my master, let me never hope for freedome.

Wife. 'Tis well spoken i'faith; goe thy waies, thou art a sparke indeed.

Cit. Raph, Raph, double your files bravely *Raph.*

Raph. I warrant you sir, *Exit* Raph.

Cit. Let him looke narrowly to his service, I shall take him else, I was there my selfe a pike-man once in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheere away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scowring-sticke, and yet I thanke God I am here.

Drum within.

Wife. Harke *George* the drums.

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan; ran tan: O wench an thouhadst but seene little *Ned* of Algate, drum *Ned*, how he made it roare againe, and laid on like a tyrant: and then stroke softly till the ward came up, and then thundred againe, and together we go: sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the guns: courage my hearts, quoth the Captaines: Saint *George*, quoth the pike-men; and withall here they lay, and there they lay: And yet for all this I am here wench.

Wife. Be thankfull for it *George*, for indeed 'tis wonderfull.

Enter Raph and his company with Drums and colours.

Raph. March faire my hearts, Lieutenant beate the reare up; Ancient let your colours flie; but have a great care of the Butchers hookes at white-Chappell, they have beene the death of many a faire Ancient. Open your files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition: Sergeant, call a muster.

Serg. A stand, *VVilliam Hamerton*, Pewterer.

Ham. Here Captaine.

Raph. A Corslet and a spanish pike; 'tis well, can you shake it with a terrour?

Ham.

Ham. I hope so Captaine.

Raph. Charge upon me, 'tis with the weakest: put more strength *William Hamerton*, more strength: as you were againe. Proceed Sergeant.

Serg. *George Greene-goose*, Poulterer.

Greene. Here.

Raph. Let mee see your peece neighbour *Greene-goose*, when was she shot in?

Greene. And like you master Captaine, I made a shot even now, partly to scoure her, and partly for audacity,

Raph. It should seeme so certainely, for her breath is yet inflamed: besides, there is a maine fault in the touch-hole, it runnes, and stinketh; and I tell you moreover, and beleeve it: Ten such touch-holes would breed the pox in the Army. Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a feather, sweet oyle, and paper, and your peece may doe well enough yet. Where's your powder?

Greene. Here.

Raph. What in a paper? As I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman, it craves a Martiall Court: you ought to die for't. Where's your horne? answere me to that.

Greene. An't like you sir, I was oblivious.

Raph. It likes me not it should be so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandall to all our neighbours, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horne behinde you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't; stand, till I view you all. What's become o'th nose of your flaske?

1. *Souldier.* Indeed law Captaine, 'twas blowne away with powder.

Raph. Put on a new one at the Cities charge. Where's the stone of this peece?

2. *Souldier.* The Drummer tooke it out to light Tobacco.

Raph. 'Tis a fault my friend, put it in againe: You want a Nose, and you a Stone; Sergeant, take a note on't, for I meane to stop it in the pay. Remoove and march, soft and

faire

faire Gentlemen, soft and faire: double your files, as you were, faces about. Now you with the sodden face, keepe in there: looke to your match sirrah, it will be in your fellows flaske anone. So, make a crescent now, advance your pikes, stand and give eare. Gentlemen, Country-men, Friends, and my fellow-souldiers, I have brought you this day from the Shops of Security, and the Counters of Content, to measure out in these furious fields, Honour by the ell; and prowesse by the pound: Let it not, O let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this City fainted: but beare your selves in this faire action, like men, valiant men, and free-men: Feare not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns: for beleeve me brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewers Carre is farre more terrible, of which you have a daily experience: Neither let the stinke of powder offend you, since a more valiant stinke is nightly with you. To a resolved minde, his home is every where: I speake not this to take away the hope of your returne; for you shall see (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly, your loving wives againe, and your sweet children, whose care doth beare you companie in baskets. Remember then whose cause you have in hand, and like a sort of true-borne Scavengers, scoure me this famous Realme of enemies. I have no more to say but this: Stand to your tacklings lads, and shew to the world you can as well brandish a sword as shake an apron. Saint *George* and on my hearts. *Omnes.* St. *George*, St. *George*. *Exeunt.*

Wife. 'Twas well done *Raph*, I'le send thee a cold Capon a field, and a bottle of March-beere; and it may be, come my selfe to see thee.

Cit. *Nel*, the boy has deceived me much, I did not thinke it had beene in him: he has performed such a matter wench, that if I live, next yeare I'le have him Captaine of the Gallifoist, or I'le want my will.

Enter Old merri-thought.

Old mer. Yet I thanke God, I break not a rinkle more then I had, not a stoope boyes? *Care* live with Cats, I defie thee, my heart is as sound as an Oke; and though I want drinke

to wet my whistle, I can sing:

Come no more there boyes, come no more there:
For we shall never whilst we live, come any more there.

Enter a boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God save you sir.

Old mer. It's a brave boy: canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

Old mer. Sing we, and chaunt it, whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Old mer. O the Mimon round, full long I have thee sought.
And now I have thee found, & what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A Coffin sir, and your dead sonne *Iasper* in it.

Old mer. Dead? why fare-well he:
Thou wast a bonny boy, and I did love thee.

Enter Jasper.

Iasp. Then I pray you sir do so still.

Old mer. *Iaspers* ghost? thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soone,
Declare to me what wondrous things in *Pluto's* court are done.

Iasp. By my troth sir, I nere came there, tis too hot for me sir.

Old mer. A merry ghost, a very merrie ghost.
And where is your true-love? O where is yours?

Iasp. Marie looke you sir. *Heaves up the Coffin.*

Old mer. Ah ha! Art thou good at that i'faith?
With hey trixie terlery-whiskin, the world it runnes on wheeles,
When the young mans----up goes the maidens heeles.

Mistresse Merry-thought and Michael within.

Mist.mer. What Mr. *Merri-thought*, will you not let's in? what do you think shall become of us?

Old mer. What voice is that that calleth at our doore?

Mist.me. You know me well enough, I am sure I have not beene

beene such a strangerto you.

Old.mer. And some they whistled, & some they sung, *Hey downe, downe* : and some did lowdly say, ever as the Lord *Barnets* horne blew, *away Musgrave, away.*

Mist, mer. You will not have us starve here, will you Mr. *Merri-thought?*

Iasp. Nay good sir be perswaded, she is my mother: if her offences have beene great against you, let your owne love remember she is yours, and so forgive her.

Luce. Good Master *Merri-thought*, let me intreate you, I will not be denied.

Mist.mer. Why Mr. *merri-thought*, wil you be a vext thing still?

Old mer. Woman I take you to my love againe, but you shall sing before you enter: therefore dispatch your song, and so come in.

Mist.mer. Well, you must haue your will when al's done. *Micke* what song canst thou sing boy?

Mich. I can sing none forsooth, but a Ladies daughter of *Paris* properly.

Mist. Mer. Song. It was a Ladies daughter, &c.

Old mer. Come you're welcome home againe.
If such danger be in playing, and jest must to earnest turne,
You shall go no more a maying.

March, within. Are you within sir, Master *Merri-thought?*

Iasp. It is my masters voice, good sir goe hold him in talk whilst we convey our selves into some inward roome.

Old mer. What are you? are you merry? you must be very merry if you enter.

Mar. I am sir.

Old mer. Sing then.

Mar. Nay good sir open to me.

Old mer. Sing, I say, or by the merrie heart you come not in.

March. Well sir, I'le sing.

Fortune my Foe, &c.

Old mer. You are welcome sir, you are welcome, you see your entertainement, pray you be merrie.

Mar. O Master *Merri-thought*, I am come to aske you

Forgivnesse for the wrongs I offred you,
And your most vertuous sonne, thei're infinite,
Yet my contrition shall be more then they.
I do confesse my hardnesse broke his heart,
For which just heaven hath given me punishment
More then my age can carry, his wandring spirit
Not yet at rest pursues me every where,
Crying, I le hant thee for thy cruelty.
My daughter she is gone, I know not how,
Taken inuisible, and whether living,
Or in grave, 'tis yet uncertaine to me.
O Master *merri-thought*, these are the weights,
Will sink me to my grave, forgive me sir.

Old mer. Why sir, I do forgive you, and be merry.
And if the wag, in's life time, plaid the knave.
Can you forgive him too? *Mar.* With all my heart sir.

Old mer. Speake it againe, and hartily.

Mar. I do sir,
Now by my soule I do.

Old Mer. With that came out his Paramoure,
She was as white as the Lillie floure,
Hey troule trolie lolie *Enter Luce and Iasper.*
With that came out her owne deare knight,
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.
Sir, if you will forgive ham, clap their hands together, there's no more to be said i'th matter.

Mar. I do, I do.

Cit. I do not like this, peace boies, heare me one of you, every bodies part is come to an end but *Raphs*, and hee's left out.

Boy. 'Tis long of your selfe sir, wee have nothing to doe with his part.

Cit. Raph Come away, make on him as you have done of the rest, boies come.

Wife. Now good husband let him come out and die.

Cit. He shall *Nel*, *Raph*, come away quickly and die boy.

Boy. 'Twill be verry unfit he should die sir, upon no occa-
sion,

sion, and in a Comedy too.

Cit. Take you no care for that sir boy, is not his part at an end, thinke you, when he's dead? come away *Raph.*

Enter Raph, with a forked arrow through his head.

Raph. When I was mortall, this my costive corps
Din lap up Figs and Raisons in the Strand,
Where sitting I espi'd a lovely Dame,
Whose Master wrought with Lingell and with All,
And under ground he vampied many a boote,
Straight did her love pricke forth me, tender sprig,
To follow feats of Armes in warlike wise,
Through *Waltham* Desert, where I did performe
Many atchievements, and did lay on ground
Huge *Barbaróso* that insulting Giant,
And all his Captives soone set at liberty.
Then honour prickt me from my native soile,
Into *Moldavia*, where I gaind the love
Of *Pompiana* his beloved daughter:
But yet prov'd constant to the blacke thum'd maid
Susan, and skorn'd *Pompianaes* love:
Yet liberall I was, and gave her pins,
And money for her fathers Officers,
I then returned home, and thrust my selfe
In action, and by all meanes chosen was
The Lord of May, where I did flourish it,
With Skarfes, and Rings, and Poesie in my hand,
After this action I preferred was,
And chosen Cittie Captaine at Mile-end,
With hat and fether, and with leading staffe,
And train'd my men, and brought them all off cleere,
Save one man that berai'd him with the noise.
But all these things I *Raph* did undertake,
Onely for my beloved *Susans* sake.
Then comming home, and sitting in my shop
With Aporne blew, death came unto my stall
To cheapen *Aqua-vitæ*, but ere I.
Could take the bottle downe, and fill a taste,

Death come and caught a pound of Pepper in his hand,
And sprinkled all my face and body o're,
And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty fictioni' faith.

Raph. Then tooke I up my Bow and Shaft in hand,
And walkt in *Moore-fields* to coole my selfe,
But there grim cruell death met me againe,
And shot this forked arrow through my head,
And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,
My fellowes every one of forked heads.
Fare-well all you good boies in merrie *London*,
Ne're shall we more upon Shrove-tuesday meete,
And plucke downe houses of iniquitie.
My paine increaseth, I shall neuer more
Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,
Nor daub a Satten gowne with rotten egs:
Set up a stake, O never more I shall,
I die, flie, flie my soule to Grocers Hall. oh, oh, oh, &c.

Wife. Well said *Raph*, do your obeysance to the Gentlemen and goe your waies, well said *Raph*.

Exit Raph.

Old mer. Me thinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled should not part without a song.

March. A good motion.

Old mer. Strike up then.

Song.

Better Musick ne're was knowne,
Then a quire of hearts in one.
Let each other that hath beene,
Troubled with the gall or spleene:
Learne of us to keeepe his brow,
Smooth and plaine as ours are now.
Sing though before the houre of dying
He shall rise and then be crying,
Hey ho, 'tis nought but mirth,
That keepes the body from the earth,

Exeunt Omnes

Epilogus.

Epilogus.

Cit. Come *Nel*, shall we go, the Plaies done.

Wife. Nay by my faith *George*, I have more manners then so, I'le speake to these Gentlemen first: I thanke you all Gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to *Raph*, a poore fatherlesse childe, and if I may see you at my house, it should goe hard, but I would have a pottle of wine and a pipe of Tobacco for you, for truely I hope you doe like the youth, but I would bee glad to know the truth: I referre it to your owne descretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for I will winke, and whilst you shall do what you will, I thanke you with all my heart, God give you good night; come *George*.

FINIS.